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Silence Wasn't Golden

By ROBERT CARSON

MOST of Charlie Gill's friends were relieved and even pleased when he got married. It was a conventional solid romance, suitable and fitting for a moderately successful scriptwriter with no really outstanding work to his credit.

Charlie had been back from the war about a year at the time of his marriage.

Since his return, he had been a bit of a problem to his associates and intimates. He talked of One World, violently disliked the higher ranks of the military, and was constantly seen about with an unpromising peroxide-blond starlet. In addition, Charlie was drinking too heavily.

Hazel appeared in the midst of this as a reasonable facsimile of a goddess to all Charlie's associates, and particularly to Barry Gray, Charlie's closest friend. She was a tall girl with an undistinguished face, red-brown hair, and horn-rimmed glasses which she removed when no close work was at hand. Charlie met her while engaged in writing a script that required a good deal of specialised information. She came one day from the broadcasting studio's research department, in response to his call, and was thereafter invaluable to him.

He noticed first the way she wore sweaters and experienced a little lift when she took her glasses off. He took her to dinner that night. She proved to be a good listener, and when she said good-bye at her front door she shook hands with him formally.

Presently they had another evening together. Charlie felt a sense of gratitude towards her. She had made several valuable suggestions on his script, corrected all the lapses of grammar and spelling, and secured him a wonderful fluorescent reading-lamp. Again she didn't talk much, and again she shook hands formally when bidding him good-bye.

Charlie began presenting Hazel to his friends. She moved among them without her glasses, smiling and nodding and not committing herself. Everyone liked her. Charlie himself was so intrigued over the whole affair that he forgot to drink more than enough to be sociable, and his writing improved considerably. Hazel received the credit for that. In particular, Barry Gray and George Vane, the studio manager, were very pleased with her.

Then one night Charlie had a fight with Hazel's mother, who declared point blank that Charlie was a drunkard and not good enough for her daughter. Hazel couldn't take sides in the argument, and Charlie went home feeling lonely and dissatisfied.

Some time after midnight he phoned Barry Gray, waking him from a sound sleep and scaring his wife, and discussed at some length whether or not he should marry Hazel. Barry thought he should.

"You need a home and somebody to take care of you," Barry said. "Now let me go back to sleep, will you?"

Then Charlie rang Hazel, somewhat flushed and nearly happy. He assumed she would be glad to marry him and she was. Her mother must have heard her acceptance and risen, for there was an argument on the far end of the line. Hazel grew distracted trying to talk to two people.

A fortnight later Charlie and Hazel were married. Hazel wore something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue. Charlie was also blue. He had been celebrating the night before, and he had a terrible head.

That night Barry Gray and his wife gave a wedding supper for

them. A lot of people came, including Charlie's current producer and some of the girls from the Research Department. There were presents and jokes and good gin and champagne.

Hazel didn't say much, and Charlie gradually arrived at the point where his syllables all merged, and he couldn't focus his eyes. At a late hour his new wife drove him to his microscopic one-room-and-kit-chenette. Charlie collapsed on to the bed and fell asleep.

As the days passed, Hazel managed extremely well. She freed herself of the Research Department, sent her mother to live with a married sister, and moved them into her cottage. She found a maid who could cook as well as clean. She acquired a stock of cookery books, and thought up new and inviting dinners.

Charlie invited friends home, visibly relaxing now that he was out of the telephone booth he had formerly inhabited. His life became rather gracious. Everyone commented on what a change marriage had made in him.

But one day it all ended.

Something had been bothering Charlie for two months, and suddenly he put his finger on it. Hazel was getting on his nerves. She bored him to distraction. She was as silent as a totem pole, and being married to her was about as exciting as being chairman of a sewing circle. He told her so in the morning before he left for the studio.

Hazel, with a slowly whitening face, heard him out. Then she walked glumly into the bedroom and stretched herself on the bed. Charlie fiddled in the hallway with his hat and coat. He got frightened because he had been married several months, and already had forgotten what it was like to be alone. He went haltingly into the bedroom. Hazel was beginning to cry quietly to herself.

"Well, at least you've stopped looking so infernally happy," Charlie said. "I never did understand what you found to be so pleased about. Listen, I'm sorry for what I said."

"It's all right," Hazel said.

"Will you take that zipper off your lip and join in the fun?" Charlie said. "I can't go on forever doing all the talking for both of us. Will you talk to people and help me to entertain them?"

"Yes, Charlie," Hazel said.

"That's all I ask," Charlie said. "You don't have to be a giant brain and full of the social graces. I don't even ask that you take a drink. But at least you can stop smiling once in a while and open your mouth."

"I'll talk, Charlie," Hazel said.

The following evening Barry Langley and his wife were with them for dinner. Langley was a producer of radio shows, and he currently had one in which the heroine took bichloride of mercury at a high moment. He and Charlie discussed the engrossing drama of inevitable death.

"By no means inevitable," Hazel said, from the foot of the table. "Proper treatment might well save her. The whites of several eggs and a pint of milk should be given immediately, and the stomach emptied by a tube. Then Epsom salts should be given through the tube. Also you could give her an intravenous administration of sodium thio-sulphate."

Please turn to page 12

Charlie rumbled his hair angrily, realising Hazel was determined not to talk.



No Wind of Blame

By . . .
GEORGETTE HEYER

FOLLOWING the dimly unsuccessful dinner-party which **ERMYNTRUDE CARTER** gives at Greystones, her lovely country home, her husband, **WALLY**, is shot dead crossing the bridge to Greystones Down House on his way to visit his friend, **HAROLD WHITE**.

Guests at the party included **SIR WILLIAM** and **LADY DERING** and their son **HUGH**; **DR. MAURICE CHESTER**; **ROBERT STEEL**, in love with **Ermyntrude**; and Russian Prince **ALEXIS VARASASHVILI**. All through it, **Wally's** conduct brought him into conflict with **Ermyntrude** and the guests, while **VICKY FANSHAW**, **Ermyntrude's** daughter by a former marriage, precipitated further incidents by her irresponsible behaviour.

From all this a mass of evidence confronts **INSPECTOR COOK**, in charge of investigations. Interrogating the members of the household, he has just sent for **MARY CLIFFE**, **Wally's** cousin.

Now read on—

MARY came quietly into the morning-room in response to **Inspector Cook's** summons. She was looking a little pale, and there was an anxious expression in her eyes which did not escape the inspector.

"Now, miss," he said, motioning her to sit down. "I understand that **Mr. Robert Steel** called here this morning to see **Mrs. Carter**. Is that a fact?"

"Yes."

"You didn't mention it to me before. How was that?"

"I didn't think it was important.

Mr. Steel is a close friend, and often drops in to see us."

"Was **Mr. Steel** a close friend of **Mr. Carter's**, miss?"

Mary hesitated. "I should call him a friend of the house."

"Is it not a fact that he is **Mrs. Carter's** friend?"

"He is more her friend than **Mr. Carter's**. But he is also a friend of mine."

"We'll let that pass, miss. Had you reason to suppose that **Mr. Steel** might feel more than friendly towards **Mrs. Carter**?"

"You had better ask him," said **Mary** stiffly.

"I shall do so, miss, make no mistake about that! But I'm asking you now—when he was here this morning did **Mr. Steel** give any reason for you to suppose that he was feeling very unfriendly towards **Mr. Carter**?"

"**Mr. Steel** and **Mr. Carter** never got on very well," she replied evasively.

"No, miss? Why was that?"

"I don't know. They are very different types."

"I put it to you, miss, that you know very well that **Mr. Steel** is in love with **Mrs. Carter**."

"Perhaps," **Mary** said. "It wouldn't be surprising if he were."

"My information is that **Mr. Steel** told you this morning that he had been in love with **Mrs. Carter** since he first knew her. Is that correct?"

Though she had mistrusted the butler, **Mary** had not suspected that he had overheard her conversation with **Steel**. Color rushed into her cheeks; she felt the ground sliding from under her feet; and could only answer: "Yes. He did say so."

"Did he also tell you that he

would like to break **Mr. Carter's** neck?"

"I don't know. I can't remember."

"Come, come, miss! Don't you think you would remember if anyone had made a threat like that?"

"Oh, it wasn't a threat!" **Mary** said unguardedly. "**Mr. Steel** was very angry with **Mr. Carter** for upsetting his wife, and people do say stupid things when they're angry."

"And it didn't seem important to you, in view of what has happened?"

"No, not in the least."

"You weren't surprised that **Mr. Steel** should say such a thing?"

"No. He has rather a quick temper—" She broke off, aghast at her own disclosures.

"He has a quick temper, has he? Perhaps he has said very much the same sort of thing before about what he'd like to do to **Mr. Carter**?"

"No, indeed he hasn't!"

"Oh? And yet you weren't surprised when he said it to-day?"

"No, I can't explain, but surely you know how one says extravagant things one doesn't mean when one is angry?"

The inspector ignored this, and as he seemed to have no more questions to ask, **Mary** rose to her feet. "If that's all—? You wanted to see **Prince Varasashvili**. He came back about ten minutes ago. Shall I ask him to come in here?"

"Thank you, miss. If you'll be so good."

The inspector's first view of the **Prince** did not predispose him in his favor. The **Prince's** sleek black hair, with its ordered waves, his brilliant smile, and his accentuated waistline filled the inspector, a plain man, with vague repulsion.

He thought that the **Prince** looked just the type of good-for-nothing lizard whom you would expect to find hanging round a rich woman like **Ermyntrude Carter**.

The **Prince** came in without hesitation and made a vague gesture with his expressive hands.

"You are the Inspector of Police? You desire to interrogate me? I understand perfectly. This terrible affair! You will forgive me that I find myself so startled, so very much shocked I can find no words! Ah, my poor hostess!"

"Yes, indeed, sir," said the inspector woodenly. "Very bad business. May I have your full name and address, please?"

"My address!" said the **Prince**, with one of his mournful smiles. "Alas, I have no longer an address to call my own. My name is **Alexis Feodor Gregorvitch Varasashvili**. I am absolutely at your service."

The inspector drew a breath, and requested him to spell it. When he had succeeded in transcribing the name correctly in his notebook, he said that he understood that the **Prince** was a friend of **Mrs. Carter**.

"She does me the honor of saying so," bowed the **Prince**.

"Have you been acquainted with her for long?"

"No, for I met her a few months ago only, at **Antibes**."

"And **Mr. Carter**, too?"

"Ah, no, **Mr. Carter** did not accompany his wife. I met **Mr. Carter** for the first time on Friday, when I arrived to spend the week-end here. Little did I think then it would end in such tragedy!"



"Too many people in this room," the doctor said, turning to Mary and the Prince.

"No, sir. I understand that you were one of the last people to see **Mr. Carter** before he set out for the **Dower House** this afternoon?"

"Is it so, indeed? Then I did not know, for I myself was gone from the house before he left it. I asked him the way to **Dr. Chester's** house. **Miss Cliffe**, I think, was present. Yes, I am sure. I left her with him."

"At what time would that have been, sir?"

The **Prince** shook his head. "I am sorry. I cannot tell you. It was certainly more than half-past four, but I cannot be precise, for I had not the occasion to look at my watch."

"What did you do when you left the house, sir?"

"But naturally I walked to the garage. I should explain, perhaps,

that **Miss Fanshawe** was so very kind as to lend me her car. I drove myself, therefore, to the doctor's house."

"Did you happen to notice what the time was when you arrived there?"

The smile flashed out again. "It is, I see, very fortunate for me that I can say yes, Inspector. **Mr. Carter** told me it was impossible that I should mistake the house, and that I found was entirely true. I did, in fact, arrive at five minutes to five. The doctor was not in. He had been called out, his housekeeper told me. But in perhaps ten minutes he came back, and we had tea together."

Please turn to page 12

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DENSE fog had rolled in from the east, compressing on Berlin like a lid on a pot and driving a chill into the lanky body of Ralph Nicholls, captain in the Counter-Intelligence Corps, Occupation Forces, Germany. He didn't mind. He would soon be away from it all. On this day he was to get his orders home.

He hopped up the stairs of the old Luftwaffe barracks that now housed the Group Control and into Partridge's office. The morning conference was starting. He took his accustomed chair between Colonel McMahon, his immediate "boss," a bulldozer of a man loosely camouflaged in tweeds, and Captain Bryant, the deputy provost marshal.

The faces of the others were all familiar as old family portraits, except the lieutenant who was sitting at the corner desk, a notebook open in front of her. She was Partridge's new secretary, and she had green eyes.

Colonel Partridge, chief of the Group, sat at the head of the table. As Ralph entered the room he turned his eyes on him, shook his head sadly, and said without preamble: "No!"

"Why not?" Ralph demanded, with the astonished indignation of an innocent man pronounced guilty.

"Because we've got a new lead on Morrell." "But, sir!" Ralph swallowed hard. "Can't somebody else—?"

"Sorry, Nicholls, but he's still your target," the colonel said shortly. "I can't let you go now. As a matter of fact, I am declaring you indispensable, as of this moment."

Ralph stared at the table. It was true, of course, that Morrell—Albert Morrell, the traitor—had been his target since before the surrender. But when he reached Berlin the trail was cold, and it had faded away completely on a certain day in April, 1945, in the bunkers below the Haus des Rundfunk.

Morrell had been difficult to trace, because he was never conspicuous. He had, it seemed, lived in the deepest Nazi shadows, and at the end he had slipped away like a shadow in the twilight.

"What is the new lead, sir?" Ralph asked.

Partridge fingered a thin sheaf of cards.

"First," he said, "a little recapitulation on Morrell—simply to be sure we all know what's going on. He came to Germany in 1928 to study at Heidelberg, and never went home. We don't know why he turned Nazi, but we suspect it was money, at first. There are no fingerprints or other positive means of identification. The only photographs are out of an old school album. He's almost forty now, so they're useless."

"He worked for Goebbels in the beginning, and later shifted to Himmler. He attended a Wehrmacht spy school. It was Morrell who trained the Krauts who put on our uniforms and infiltrated our lines in the Ardennes. He was good at that particular type of activity."

McMahon's bulk stirred. "I understand," he interrupted, "that Morrell trained most of the agents sent out of the country. He was an expert on documents."

Partridge nodded. "Now, here's our new lead," he continued. "You remember that the Gestapo records showed that Morrell had a mistress—name of Anya Krynova—a Polish dancer, lived with her from '38 to '43. She's been missing. Now it seems she's turned up."

Near the window, his chair tilted against the wall, sat Major Chauncey Turner, stocky and immobile. Ordinarily Turner, when he attended the morning conferences, remained silent. He was not attached to Partridge's staff, but took his orders from a higher headquarters. He had been in Berlin from the first on what Ralph Nicholls believed to be very confidential business, for he rarely talked of it.

Now the legs of his chair banged to the floor, and he said: "Krynova? Nicholls said she was dead!"

"No," Ralph said, somewhat irritated. "I didn't say she was dead. I merely said her apartment had been hit by a bomb and that she hadn't been seen since."

"She seems alive enough now," Partridge said. "The general got a letter from her this morning." He

turned to the lieutenant. "Read the translation, please."

Ralph wondered why he hadn't noticed her before, because she was very pretty, in a scrubbed, school-girlish way.

She took a typewritten sheet of paper from the back of her notebook and read:

"My Dear General.—If you would know the whereabouts of Albert Morrell, have a completely trustworthy officer whom you have long known meet me at the Femina at eleven o'clock Saturday night next. I want no reward. It is merely my life I wish to protect. Anya Krynova."

Partridge took a square white envelope from the papers before him and passed it across the table to Ralph. "Here's the original," he said.

Ralph examined the envelope, front and back, and then read the letter carefully. It was written in German, in a square, artificially

artistic hand. He sniffed it, and approved of the perfume.

Major Turner asked to see the letter. Ralph handed it to him, and he studied it, impassively but with narrowed eyes.

"I'll start at once," Ralph said, taking the letter back. He stood up, noticing as he did so that the little lieutenant's green eyes—he was quite sure they were green—were regarding him gravely, and she seemed worried, and about to speak. But then she lowered her eyes and said nothing.

On the way through the outer office, Ralph paused to read the cardboard name-plate on the secretarial desk: Roberta Lester. It was queer, he thought, that he had not before noticed such an unusual name.

At seven o'clock that evening Ralph Nicholls was stretched out on his bed, in Room 311 of the Kaiserine Inn, which once had catered for middle-class tourists and now housed the Intelligence Service.

All day Ralph had been troubled by a vague sense of urgency. This he attributed to impatience. One way

or another his hunt for Albert Morrell would end this night. Either the woman would put the finger on Morrell, or the letter was a hoax, and in either case he'd leave this riddled carcass of a country and return to civilisation.

He had re-read Krynova's note a dozen times, futilely probing for the unwritten words that worried and depressed him. Twice he had decided to go to the Femina, a cellar night-club off the Kurfurstendamm, at once, and each time he had thought better of it. She did not dance there, he knew, and inquiries might arouse suspicions, perhaps lead to catastrophe. Her instructions were explicit enough.

The room telephone rang, and the corporal at the switchboard said: "A Lieutenant Lester is here. She is waiting for you in the bar."

The bar was crowded and noisy when he entered, and he did not see her immediately. Then at a corner table he noticed a girl who at first seemed not entirely dressed. She was smiling at him, merrily and frankly. Her head moved in a slight, unmistakable gesture, and Ralph started

TARGET: TREASON

By...

PAT FRANK

He played a grim game of hide-and-seek in the ruins of post-war Berlin

across the room. He was halfway to her table before he was sure.

"Sit down," she said. "You didn't recognise me, did you?"

"The face is familiar," Ralph said truthfully, "but I didn't recall the figure." He stared at the elaborate evening dress with admiration, realising it was startling only because in this bar it was set against a background wholly male.

"Shows what a uniform does to you," she said.

Her voice was calm, almost gay, but her hands were trembling slightly. Ralph beckoned to a waiter, ordered drinks and said: "Well?"

"I thought—" She hesitated. "I thought perhaps I could help you with your business to-night."

"You did? Was that the colonel's suggestion?"

"Oh, no! This is extracurricular. You see, I'm a woman, and—"

She faltered. "It's just that note. If you were a woman—"

Ralph knew he should be very angry. He should, perhaps, report this to Partridge. Things like this led to breaches in security. He found, to his surprise, that he was not angry at all, but rather warm and pleased that she should be sitting here opposite him. He grinned and said, "Now what's all this business—if I were a woman?"

"If you were a woman," she replied quietly, "you would know that this poor woman, Krynova, is utterly desperate and frightened. When I read her note at the conference today I felt like screaming for help. There's so much more in that note than a man could ever understand."

"I felt that, too," Ralph admitted.

"But what?" He looked up and saw Major Turner walking across the room towards their table. "Here comes company," he said, rising.

"Hello, people," Turner said. "Can I draw up a chair?"

"Of course," Ralph said, wishing Turner hadn't appeared. He classified Turner as being shrewdly intelligent, and perhaps having a good deal more ability than his rank indicated. But there was something else about him—something that Ralph felt he himself possessed—that was hard to classify.

Turner pulled up a chair. "Combining business and pleasure?" he asked, smiling.

"Right. I asked Bobby to help me out this evening. She was just explaining a theory about the Krynova note."

Roberta Lester nodded her thanks. "It's that one phrase—a completely trustworthy officer whom you have long known."

"I don't think that's of particular significance," said Turner.

Bobby shook her head, and Ralph discovered that the dim light struck coppery sparks from her smooth hair.

"It means," she said, "that the woman not only feared Morrell, but she feared some of us—perhaps some particular one among us. When that note was written, she was not only afraid of her life, but she felt trapped. I know it!"

Turner shrugged, as if it were of little importance, but again the sense of urgency gripped Ralph. "I want to get started," he said. "I hate to sit here waiting."

"Perhaps we could go to the Femina now," Bobby suggested.

Ralph did not reply, because Bryant, his friend from the provost marshal's office, had entered the bar, still wearing his topcoat and hat, and was coming towards them. His thin face was unhappy, and he kept his hands jammed in his pockets. He reached the table and said, very slowly, in a low voice: "The MPs from the Friedenau District just called. They've found that woman!"

"Found her?" Ralph asked, puzzled.

"Yes, Dead."

Turner pulled his chair aside. "I thought the war was over," he said. "Apparently it's not. See you when you get back. Enjoy yourself." To the major, it was funny.

Please turn to page 24



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Combine the hot cream sauce with the mixed vegetables.

Combine all the remaining ingredients and pour into a well-greased 6½ inch ring mould or loaf pan. Place in a baking dish of hot water and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. — 35 minutes or until done. Unmould on serving dish and pour the hot creamed vegetables into the centre and around the outside of the ring. Serves four.



Three Bonny Youngsters

... born
under the Sign of
GEMINI



According to astrological authorities, the time between May 21st and June 20th comes under the stellar influence of Gemini, the Twins—and one of the chief characteristics of this Sign is a quick, lively mentality and originality of thought. Gemini people are likely to be notable for their fascination and charm for others. Here's to the bright future of these three Gemini youngsters, whose mothers are getting them off to a grand start with vitamin-rich Vegemite in their diet every day.



JOHN HOGAN

Bright as a button and four years old on May 24th, John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hogan of Eumundi Avenue, Manly, N.S.W. Mr. Hogan says: "I asked a Child Health Specialist how to build up John's vitamin supply. I followed his advice and started giving him Vegemite."



KENNETH FEATHERSTON

With his second birthday on June 9th, Kenneth is the husky son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Featherston of Jolley Street, West Brunswick, Victoria. "I count on Vegemite to give Kenneth those vitamins he needs for good health," Mrs. Featherston says.



ANN MURRAY

Six years old on June 12th, Ann is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Murray of Windsor Road, Rose Hill, Brisbane, Qld. Mrs. Murray says: "An authority on Child Welfare told me Vegemite was full of vitamins vital for children. She said kiddies loved Vegemite's flavour—Ann proved no exception."

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TELEPHONE PIECE

By ...
TED SCHURMANN

"HULLO, is that you, Beryl?"
"Yes."
"It's Jack here. I—"
"What do you want?"

"I— Did you get home all right last night?"

"Why? What do you want to know for?"

"I've been worried—"

"Well, you needn't have worried; I can take care of myself. I got home all right. Good-bye."

"Wait a while; don't hang up yet. I want to—"

"I'm sorry, I'm busy."

"But I've got to explain to you about last night."

"How do you mean, explain?"
"I didn't mean to leave you like that. You see—"

"I think it would be better if we didn't talk about last night. I'd sooner forget."

"But—"

"I want to forget all about it. I don't want to have to remember that you asked me to go to a dance with you and that I had to go home by myself. I want to forget."

"But I can explain all that. You see—"

"I bet this is good. I bet you've thought of a wonderful excuse. You've had all day to think of something, anyway."

"No, I haven't. I rang your place first thing this morning and I've been trying to ring you all day. One of the girls in the office said you were too busy to come to the phone."

"So I was."

"I don't believe that you—"

"I've been busy all day. And I've got a lot to do to-night as well. So if you'll excuse me I must—"

"You've got to know what happened. Beryl. Eric Ross and I went for a drive and—"

"You didn't. I know what happened. You took one of the twins home. One of the Learmonth twins."

"I did no such thing. She—they were just in the car. The twins, I mean."

"How did you decide which one you wanted to take home? They both look the same to me."

"There's a difference if you look at them close up. Betty has a— anyway, we don't want to talk about the Learmonth twins."

"Good heavens, who's talking about the Learmonth twins? I'm sure I'm not. You can if you want to, of course. But do you mind if I don't listen? Do you mind if I hang up and go on washing my— go on with my work?"

"No; don't hang up. I meant to tell you about the drive we went for."

"You mean you and the twins."

"Forget about the twins. You see, Eric had to drive them home."

"The twins?"

"He had to drive them away out to where they live. I didn't know they lived so far out, or I wouldn't have gone. But Eric said that he wanted somebody to go with him so he wouldn't have to drive back alone. You weren't about and I wasn't dancing at the time, so I consented to go."

"I bet you took a lot of persuading."

"As a matter of fact, I wasn't a bit keen on going, and I wouldn't have gone if it hadn't been—"

"That the twins were going, too."

"Shut up about the twins, darling. They've got nothing to do with it."

"I suppose they were just ballast in the car?"

"Well, Eric likes the twins and he was taking them home, and—"

"He does not. He only likes one of them. He's engaged to her."

"That's right; he's engaged to Lorna. But when he took her home he had to take Betty home as well."

"Who's Betty?"

"She's Lorna's sister. The other twin."

"The one you saw close up?"

"Well, after we had left the Learmonth—"

"Did you sit in the front seat or the back seat of the car?"

"In the front seat. Beside Eric."

"I mean on the way out there."

"Well, I— You see, Eric wanted Lorna to sit beside him, naturally, so—"

"So what?"

"So I sat in the back seat."

"With the other twin?"

"Yes. Betty was in the back seat, too."

"Oh."

"Don't sound like that. It was all quite all right."

"Yes, I can tell that by—"

"I mean we came straight back again. At least, we started to, but we had a blowout. I got worried about you, darling, at the dance by yourself, and I wanted to ring you up. I couldn't find a telephone for a while, and when I did find one I discovered that I didn't have any pennies. Then the pages were torn out of the telephone book—"

"I knew you'd think of something good."

Please turn to page 29



"Of course I understand. We always understand each other, don't we?" Beryl said softly.

EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES *by Hesling*



ОДИН НАРОД ОДНА ГОРЧИЦА
(ONE PEOPLE, ONE MUSTARD!)

Don't worry, the Russian Sherlock Holmes pictured above is not after you! He is after your mustard.

He needs it for his smoked ham from Smolensk, his pork from Plovsk and his black fish from the Caspian Sea (or is it Caspian fish from the Black Sea?)

Your true Russian has

ever been a lover of KEEN'S MUSTARD and has lately bestowed upon it the highest title he can think of: *Tovarish (Comrade) Mustard.*



84,187

Stuart Crystal



There's a special delight in giving or owning Stuart Crystal. Designed for practical, lasting loveliness, this sparkling cut glass is handmade by English craftsmen. Look for the signature "Stuart" etched on every piece.

Stuart & Sons Ltd., Stourbridge, England.

Australia: L. J. WAHLERS & CO.,
Tasmania House, Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE.
210, Clarence Street, SYDNEY.



THERE'S

Twins at home, Triplets, too. The last instalment's fresh and new; But all the lot have got the flu (the coughing is tremendous)

Go fly at once to chemist's store

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure implore. It cured the blooming lot before; its virtues are stupendous.



Fur and Feathers

● Yellow and white coq feathers make this dramatic dinner hat created for actress Louise Allbritton by Madame Reine of New York.

+ + +

● A rose nestling in a bunch of violets trims the model of rough shiny straw selected by Martha Vickers of Warner Brothers.

+ + +

● Saucy satin bonnet trimmed with fur over the crown worn by Janet Blair of Columbia Studios.

+ + +

● Ostrich curls and veiling on a little sky-blue bonnet, designed by Madame Reine for Louise Allbritton.



Students pioneer new Varsity life at Mildura



JAP THEODOLITE, captured in Rabaul, being used by senior lecturer in engineering, William Nettle, while senior demonstrator Alan Bunbury and student Peter Davis (right) watch.



HOUSE still under construction is background for Sub-Dean of Women, Miss Margaret Blackwood, and senior woman student Margaret Norris (right), daughter of Brig. Kingsley Norris. She is a first-year medical student.



UNIVERSITY POST OFFICE is busy all day. Pam Purcell and Anne Moore collect their mail.

Former flying school houses "freshers" from Melbourne

Mildura, on the banks of the historic River Murray and scene of Australia's pioneer irrigation scheme which turned hundreds of square miles of Mallee desert into a fruit garden, is again the setting for an experiment.

This time it is the site of Australia's first university decentralisation scheme—the Mildura branch of the Melbourne University.

TO relieve the crowding at Melbourne University, first-year students in medicine, dentistry, engineering, and architecture have begun their Varsity careers in the corrugated-iron huts of the former R.A.A.F. flying school.

There are only "freshers" at Mildura while the branch experiment is being tried out.

Where once fighter-pilots trained to preserve the freedom of Australia there are now hundreds of students enjoying that freedom and beginning to make their way in the postwar world.

Though there are none of the ivy-covered buildings usually associated with University tradition, and though students attend lectures clad in unconventional shorts and sportswear, already the atmosphere of study has spread over the place.

Students take their work very seriously, for there is no second

chance for those who don't make the grade in these days of overcrowded universities.

They will continue as second-years at Melbourne next year only if they pass their exams.

Roll call carries the names of 562 students and 60 per cent. of them are ex-service men and women.

Most students admit they have to keep a close eye on their budgets and are very appreciative of the low board rate of 25/- per week, inclusive.

The majority of students are single and most of the married men consider finding accommodation for their families in Mildura an uneconomical budgeting on their service allotment.

While carpenters are still hammering, painters wielding their brushes, and tractors grading roads, the students are settling in well, and seem very contented.

"I'm as happy as a sandboy," says dentistry student Jack Rolland, "and wouldn't swap it for any university."

Jack comes from Sale (Vic.), and loves the country life at Mildura.

Another dental student, Barbara Maw, pointed out that it's much easier to study, because they haven't the distractions of city life, and "another thing, there's no travelling time, which is a marvellous help."

The University is well laid out, lecture-rooms, student and staff quarters radiating from the administrative block, which has a big sports ground in front.

The former huts have been converted into flats of three rooms—two bedrooms and a study. Each flat houses two students.

Amateur decorators

ALREADY they've taken a keen interest in their quarters, especially the girls.

They've bought varnish for the floors, built bookshelves, decorated their rooms, hung curtains, and in their spare time they attend to the gardens outside.

Attached to each block of huts there is a laundry with coppers and troughs, where the students may do their washing, and ironing-rooms.

Students may, however, send their laundry to Mildura, as there is a collecting depot at the University.

The University is a little town in itself.

There's a post office, bank, barber shop, hairdresser, paper stall, bootmaker, dentist, and a sick-bay in charge of two trained sisters.

The dental surgery, which has all the latest equipment, is in charge of Mr. Arnold Burns. X-rays, which will be made of all students' teeth early in the year and again at the end, will provide valuable statistical information on the condition of the teeth of certain age-groups.

Although built of fibro-lined corrugated iron like all the other huts at the University, the Union building, when finished, will be very comfortable.

Students will be able to relax in cheery lounge-rooms, a browsing library, billiard-room with five tables, chess-room, and three music-rooms.

Fairy godmother to the students is the Mildura Branch Amenities Committee, presided over by Mrs. J. D. G. Medley, wife of the Vice-Chancellor of the Melbourne University.

Last year the committee raised more than £1500 to buy books for the browsing library, gramophone records, and other items.

Mildura residents have also generously supported the amenities fund.

Four tin huts joined together form the main dining-room.

At tables of seven, each student takes a turn at serving the table.

At lunch it's a case of first come first served, but at dinner at night the Warden, Dr. J. S. Rogers, calls each table in turn with a different one first every night.

When Dr. Rogers announced his plan the students put their heads together and the boys decided that they'd let the girls go first every night. There are only forty-four girls.

Dress is optional during the day. For dinner at night, however, the men must wear collars, ties, coats,

and long trousers, and the women must wear frocks.

Students take full advantage of the daytime freedom. Varied dressing in the Physics room included sports coats with slacks or shorts, battle-jackets, jumpers, sports shirts, and "sloppy joes."

Now that the weather is cooler, the girls are wearing frocks, but in the first warm weeks of term shorts or midriff dresses were popular.

In the afternoon, as soon as lectures finish, everyone makes a bee-line for the tennis and squash courts and the football ground.

Both boys and girls are taking up hockey, and the girls are very interested in baseball and basketball.

The Mildura Rowing Club has placed its sheds at the University's disposal, and the branch already possesses a racing eight, practice eight, and racing four. Water polo is also popular.

"The students are so keen on their clubs that we have quite a job preventing meetings from overlapping," said Mr. B. Meredith, Sub-Dean of Men.

They have already formed eleven clubs, including debating and choral societies, dramatic club, Newman society, and engineering students' society. Some of the students are keen to form their own orchestra.

The Branch University also has its own theatre and there are pictures every Saturday night, with seating accommodation for 450.



STUDENTS' UNION. The men's lounge, with big fireplace at left, is comfortable place for leisure hours.



FOR RECREATION there are eight tennis courts for students. In background are squash racquet rooms built by the R.A.A.F. when stationed there.

EMPIRE DAY

SATURDAY is Empire Day—in the past an occasion for making proud speeches about the Empire on which the sun never sets.

This year, British people still have plenty of things to be proud of, but they are different from the old ones.

To-day's speechmakers can boast of courage and endurance, where yesterday's spoke of power and strength, they can point to austerity borne uncomplainingly instead of wealth and prosperity, to defiant shabbiness in place of complacent grandeur.

The banners are still flying, but they are a little torn, and Britain was never more in need of what is best in the Empire spirit.

Her plight is tragic. Her people, weary, ill-housed, and underfed, are being exhorted to prodigious effort to save the country from ruin.

Again, as so often before, the survival of the Empire depends on them.

Various authorities argue sagely as to whether or not they are starving.

But in truth they cannot live by calories alone. The British need now some token of victory, some down payment on the better future to give them the heart to carry on.

Observers note their apathy about the fine displays now showing at the British Industries Fair.

Lovely things, the work of their hands and brains. But not for their own use. The British people must still patch and starve, while they produce "for export only."

It is hard to be proud and enthusiastic about a model gown that is destined to grace some foreign shoulders, hard to connect it with a paltry bacon rasher bought with the dollars it earned.

The token payment the British need now can and must come from the Empire.

Australia can be proud this Empire Day only if she knows that her contribution to the survival of the British Commonwealth of Nations is of a generosity to match the urgency of the need.



HATS AT £4/10/- can only be humdrum, say Melbourne milliners. Spred predicts what may happen if the ceiling price is lifted and crowns soar in proportion.

It seems to me....

CABLES from New York report Senator Edward Martin, of Pennsylvania, as saying that the United States should go its way "with an atom bomb in one hand and the spirit of the Cross in the other," when he addressed the executive committee of the American Legion at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Added the Senator: "If this were done, 'very nation could choose which...and it prefers.'"

Turning the other cheek, U.S. Revised Version, 1947.

A SPOKESMAN for Melbourne milliners is quoted as saying that women must wear humdrum hats, because of the ceiling price of £4/10/-.

Hat designers complain that they can produce only standard lines for this amount, and that no really new models will be made until the ceiling price is lifted.

I am astonished that the drapes, toppers, bowlers, mushrooms, cartwheels, and turbans to which we have been treated lately, and their accompanying trail of veiling and ribbons, birds and feathers, and fruits and flowers should have been described as "humdrum."

En masse in millinery showrooms they seemed little short of terrifying to me, however smart they were when the right wearer found them.

What will happen when the lid really comes off the hat-box fits me with apprehension.

IN Britain the Ministry of Fuel recently banned the warming of houses. Fuel must not be used for heating space.

Members of the House of Commons, their ears to the ground, caught the rumble of distant thunder—some of it in their own homes.

They warned the Government that the ban could not be enforced.

Crux of the matter proved to be babies' nappies. How would they be dried between May 5, when the ban was to operate, and September 9, when it would end?

Wimbledon housewife and Labor member Mrs. Lucy Middleton begged the Minister not to make women into law-breakers and evaders by enforcing the ban.

A young father, Mr. P. Asterley Jones, another Labor M.P., admitted to expenditure by his baby on "articles generally called nappies" as "positively astronomical."

The charge for stly drying of baby-wear would be, I suppose, inevitably, "caught napping."

But the Ministry of Fuel has had to admit that the ban is not fully enforceable.

DISCUSSION on amendments to the Arbitration and Conciliation Bill when it was before the House of Representatives revealed modern strikes and lockouts as atomic in effect, compared to earlier versions, which were little more than muzzle-loaders in scope.

Interlocking industries and interlocking industrial organisations and unions have so developed over the past quarter of the century that the hurrying of any industrial spanner is quite likely to jam the national economy and to have international consequences.

Whether conciliation, arbitration, or penalisation is attempted as an immediate remedy, the long-range plan must be education, with a view to recognition of basic human rights—our own and the other fellow's.



Jessie Boyd in the absence of Dorothy Drain, who is on holidays.

probably be honored in the same way when he visits the Territory.

STRENGTH of the maternal instinct is immeasurable. A friend assures me he was bitten by his infuriated canary when cleaning a cage where the nesting bird had laid two eggs.

I asked a canary-fancier about this madly maternal behaviour, and she expressed disbelief.

"Sure it wasn't a love-bird?" she asked.

CO-OPERATION. So much has been said and written of the lack of manners and fellow-feeling experienced to-day that I am glad to be able to chalk up a score on the credit side.

A slight woman with a bouncing baby and too many parcels got off the tram at a suburban stop. Fellow passengers were amazed when she got on again at the next one.

She was even more flustered than before, but managed to gasp "My handbag!" as she made her way to her former seat.

It had just been given to the conductor. Asked how she caught up with the tram so quickly, she said, smiling, "Oh, I just told the driver of the one behind, and he hurried up!"

UNITED NATIONS meetings are listed under the heading "Goings On About Town," a guide to entertainment in New York, published by a leading magazine there.

Item following the UNO announcement is a demonstration called "Seven Wonders of the Universe," at a Planetarium.

UNO might well be billed as the eighth. Two hundred and fifty unofficial spectators are admitted to all open meetings.

You are warned that it is wise to call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, around three in the afternoon the day before you want to go, to find out when and where the next session is to be held.

Then you take a train to Great Neck, which will be met by buses to Lake Success.

It's as simple as that.

No news so far on box-office value of the delegates, but film star Gene Tierney is on record as having visited the General Assembly just to see the Russian delegate, M. Gromyko.

They'll be packing 'em in the aisles soon!

Interesting People



DR. HERBERT FRENCH

... peppery

ONE of Britain's famous doctors, Lieut.-Col. Herbert French, consulting physician to Guy's Hospital, is also said to be the maker of the hottest chutney produced in England. Before the war he used to make crab-apple jelly from the fruit he found rotting in the orchards of his Elizabethan home, Cudworth Manor. Now he dons his white apron and makes peppery chutney, sold by booking before it is even made, although he has two women and four men helping him to make it in his 620-year-old barn.



THELMA NORRIS

... rang doorbells

WHEN Thelma J. Norris, B.Sc., of Melbourne, rang doorbells in house-to-house survey throughout Australia, her object as member of the staff of the Commonwealth Health Department was to gain knowledge of family budgeting and diet. She has now been appointed to the food and agricultural section of UNO, to study diet of peoples of member nations, and has left for Washington. Appointment is for five years.



RAFAEL KUBELIK

... independence of music

FRESH from the International Music Festival at Prague, dynamic young Czech conductor Rafael Kubelik arrives in Australia soon to conduct A.B.C. concerts. During war strove to maintain independence of national music. His programmes here will include works of many Czech patriots. When Yehudi Menuhin visited Kubelik and his wife, violinist Vertlova, in Prague last year, trio sat up all night playing Czech music.

Crippled children gain health in farm home



CONCENTRATION. Robert Marshall gets down to his weaving at Beverley Park Hospital for Crippled Children at Campbelltown, N.S.W.



HIT FOR SIX. Irons do not stop Ray Horan making runs. Patients can play most games.



LINE-UP. Sister Irene Welch, in charge of the hospital, sees that the boys and girls are ready to march into their schoolroom for lessons.



PLAYTIME. Oranges and Lemons, with Sister Betty Frederiksen and young Ken Claridge escaping from the others. The children are given occupational therapy regularly.

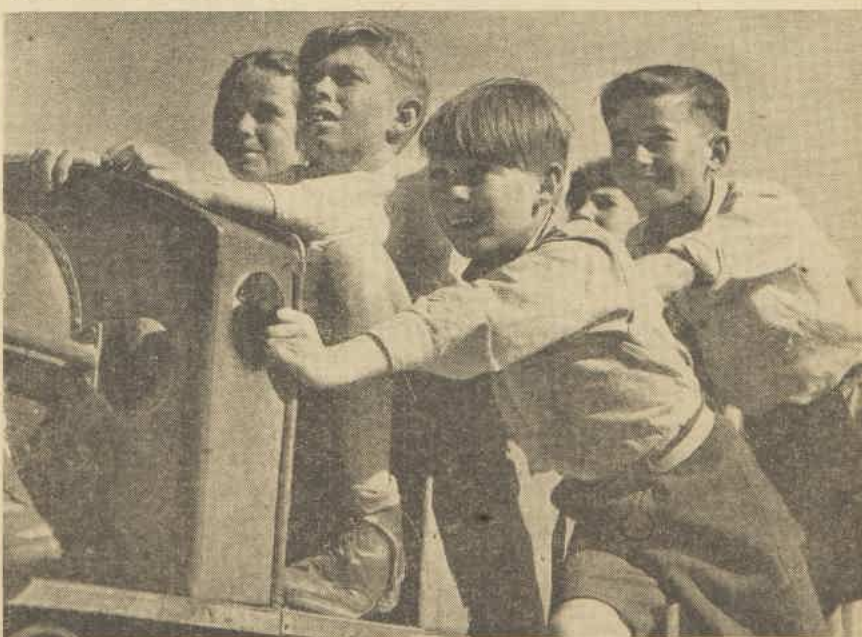
AN appeal for £100,000 is now being launched by the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children. Eighteen hundred children are at present being cared for by the Society at the Margaret Reid Orthopaedic Hospital, St. Ives; Strathallan Hostel, Turramurra; at six Spastic Schools, and at the Beverley Park Convalescent Hospital, Campbelltown, where these photographs were taken. With proceeds of appeal, Society plans to establish two wards for adolescents at the Margaret Reid Orthopaedic Hospital and later a colony for disabled persons at Beverley Park. This appeal deserves everyone's sympathy and support. Contributions should be sent to "The N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children, Box 3545, G.P.O., Sydney."



REST HOUR. In the small boys' dormitory, Peter Bruce, John Kenyon, and Ken Claridge have afternoon nap. Sometimes treatment and manipulation are also given at this time.



CHEERFUL. Longest at the hospital, Leslie McFarlane is given a push on this swing. Children are given birthday parties, and are taken out for picnics in an ambulance.



LOOKING AHEAD. Thanks to care of doctors, sisters, therapists, and staff, children improve quickly in happy atmosphere. Members of the Society for Crippled Children do fine work. Helpers are always needed to ensure these children have chance to grow into happy citizens.

What's on your mind?

Reading brings joy to young

THE regular practice of reading interesting stories to children is one of the greatest contributions a parent can make towards a child's education.

There are many books on the market suitable for children of all ages, though the very young child usually prefers the same story over and over again, until it becomes familiar enough to repeat word for word to himself.

Reading to a child encourages fluency and overcomes the tendency to book-shyness in later years.

For instance, many boys and girls in their teens take little or no interest in reading. This is so because a love of books, if not inculcated at an early age, seems a dull substitute for sports and dancing, pictures and swimming.

The young person unfamiliar with printed words, who attempts to read a book, finds his imagination hampered by slow articulation and lack of expression. His progress through a chapter is more laborious than pleasurable. He finds it difficult to concentrate, so confines his reading to comics and strips, which with the aid of pictures are far less irksome.

But a young child's mind is receptive, and if someone reads aloud to him he unconsciously absorbs the meaning of new words. He soon learns to read fluently to himself, and books become a natural joy and interest to him for the rest of his life.

It to H. Blake, 9 Waylen St., East Gullford, W.A.

Unnecessary trips

IT seems very unfair to the English that so many well-fed Australians are flocking to Britain when they are suffering there from lack of good food and accommodation.

People in Australia are living in

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

absolute luxury, and those who go to the British Isles on pleasure trips don't realise how bad the food situation is there.

Houses are scarce, and many homeless families are living in the shells of their blitzed homes.

The Australian tourists will only make things worse.

5/- to Miss Rosemary Stacy, 21 Salisbury Terrace, Collinswood, S.A.

Strange signatures

AS one who has to deal with a lot of correspondence, mostly typed, I consider it would almost take a genius to understand the scroll at the end, which represents the signature of the sender in many cases.

Surely anyone who has to sign his



name to a letter should take sufficient pains to make the signature legible.

Modern writing is disgraceful when compared with the style of bygone days. Proof: Examination of a century-old register or visitors' book. Then names were written legibly and beautifully.

Is it carelessness, or is modern education less efficient?

5/- to Dennis O'Hara, 114 Fuller St., Windsor, Brisbane.

Little black frock

EMPLOYEES in the majority of departmental stores are compelled to wear black dresses. These are most unbecoming, and also cost anything from £5 to £6. This money can be ill afforded.

How much more sensible a smart uniform overall in some nice, bright, washable material, which could be purchased at a price which each girl could afford.

Some girls may look well in black, but others most certainly do not. And at least two frocks are necessary to allow for frequent dry-cleaning. An overall would look just as businesslike, and certainly would be cheaper and more hygienic.

5/- to Mrs. G. Newell, 4A Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Useless gifts

SOME people make a habit of giving things away which are useless to the owners and very often to the receivers.

Many homes and institutions are the targets of gifts like these.

Useless clothes passed on as gifts often pass on again to the incinerator. The prehistoric books just fill up shelves, unread and unwanted.

Fortunately, there are also many people who pass on things which they know will be of good use.

I would suggest, however, that people choose gifts carefully before sending them to less fortunate fellows.

5/- to Mrs. Emma Houston, 3 Lennox St., North Richmond, Vic.

Office collections

IN offices and factories one is always being asked to subscribe to a "farewell," a wedding, or a birthday gift for a departing colleague.

In many cases the recipient is merely a casual acquaintance, but one must contribute the same amount as others or be labelled "mean."

How about dropping some of the enthusiasm for these gift subscriptions and replacing it with regular collections for Food for Britain?

5/- to Mrs. C. Torr, Farrell Flat, S.A.

Silence Wasn't Golden

Continued from page 3

on. They accepted his invitation and went and sat amidst a big audience in Studio C. There was a warm-up period before the programme—a quiz affair in the current fashion—went on the air. The audience participated by answering questions asked by the master of ceremonies.

One was asked of Hazel that she could have answered with her brains tied behind her back. She said she didn't know, and Charlie smiled thinly.

Then the contestants were picked from the audience. Among them was Hazel. That was no particular surprise to Charlie, since he had asked Harry Langley specially to pick her. Hazel didn't want to go, but Charlie insisted.

"You've talked long enough for nothing," he said. "Go out and make a little money with your breath."

The programme went on, and Hazel presently drew the hardest of all the lists of questions. If she answered them correctly she stood to win a war loan bond, a washing machine, an electric iron, and a kitchen stove.

But Hazel stood stolidly on the stage and shook her head at the master of ceremonies.

Suddenly Charlie went to pieces. He wanted her to open her mouth; he wanted her to win; he wanted to be proud of her; he wanted to go home with all that loot. The questions were child's play for her. He waved at her and tried to catch her eye and smile; he started to sweat. She simply shook her head three times and came back to him.

Charlie was almost home before he could speak. He was furiously angry.

"Well, you certainly showed me," he said. "You certainly had your revenge. A whole treasure-trove

heaved out the window. You must feel proud."

"You didn't want me to talk," Hazel said quietly.

Charlie put the car in the garage, and they went inside.

"I wish I could do what you want, Charlie," Hazel said. "I really do."

"Well, this proves one old saying I'll thank you not to give me the source of," Charlie said. "There is always one person in a marriage that loves much more than the other. That's you, in this case."

"I'm sure it's me," Hazel said. "I love you very much—more than anything in the world. I think you're wonderful, and I'd do anything for you. The more difficult you are, the harder I'll try. You ought to realise that by now."

Charlie looked at her for a long time. Her face did not impress him, but she had nice brown eyes. She was much nicer and much smarter than he was. She possessed patience and endurance. An awful lump formed in his throat.

"Listen," he said, "will you stop looking at me like that? I get tired of you looking at me all the time. It's like having a cocker spaniel."

"All right, Charlie," Hazel said. "I don't mind once in a while." Charlie said, "but you keep staring at me wherever we go. It's embarrassing."

"I'll be careful after this," Hazel said.

"Besides," Charlie said, "it gives people the wrong impression, the way you look at me. It puts me in a false light. The way you look at me, people think I'm a marvel—that I've got everything it takes. And I haven't got anything except you."

(Copyright)

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 4

THE smile faded from the Prince's face. His voice took on a dramatic note. "Dr. Chester showed me his relics until it was time to go to his surgery. Then I motored back here, to find—what horror!"

"Yes, indeed, sir, I'm sure. I take it you can prove what you've just told me? That you reached the doctor's house at five minutes to five?"

The Prince wrinkled his brow. "Of course it is most necessary. Surely the good woman, Dr. Chester's housekeeper, would know? Yes, for we spoke of the time, since I had arrived a little before I was expected."

The inspector nodded. "Very good, sir. Were you a member of the shooting party Mr. Carter gave and went to yesterday?"

"Certainly, yes."

"I understand there was some sort of an accident, sir?"

"Oh, no, no, no! That is to exaggerate, I assure you. There was no accident, but only a great piece of folly, I am persuaded."

"On whose part, sir?"

"I must not conceal from you that it was the carelessness of Mr. Carter that so nearly made an accident. You have heard perhaps that Mr. Carter spoke of being fired at, in particular pointing to Mr. Steel in a manner not at all polite, and quite absurd also. I do not know whether there was some misunderstanding about Mr. Carter's pistol. It is certain that I, and Mr. Steel, and Dr. Chester thought he was to have stood in a certain place."

"It is possible that Mr. Carter mistook, though Mr. Steel, and, indeed, the good doctor, too, declared it was not so, but merely that he had moved from his original stand. I do not know, but that Mr. Steel should shoot with deliberation at his host I find not at all probable."

"So Mr. Carter thought it was Mr. Steel who shot at him, sir? What made him pick on him rather than you, or the doctor, who, I understand, might as easily have done it?"

"Ah, no, not as easily!" protested the Prince. "But it is a piece of nonsense. It is not worth discussing."

"That's as may be, sir, and for me to judge. What exactly did Mr. Carter say about this incident?"

"You ask me to recall absurdities, Inspector. Mr. Carter was one who talked a great deal, without much sense. I did not concern myself, for when a man talks in the style of the theatre about those who desire his death, it is not important, but on the contrary, quite tiresome. For me I did not find that Mr. Carter's dislike of Mr. Steel was at all sensible."

"Did you form any opinion why Mr. Carter should have thought Mr. Steel wanted him put away?"

The Prince studied his polished fingernails for a moment in silence.

"Inspector, you ask of me a very delicate question. I must tell you that I am not familiar with these people. I speak as an onlooker. I am nothing but a week-end guest here. But it is plain to me that Mr. Steel—admires excessively Mr. Carter. One understands in part the jealousy of Mr. Carter. Is there more that you would ask of me?"

"That'll be all for the present, sir. Were you meaning to go back to London to-morrow? Because, if so, I must trouble you—"

"Ah, not now!" the Prince said. "If I can be of use to Mr. Carter, who is left without a protector, he assured that I shall remain!"

"No doubt that would be best, sir," agreed the inspector.

He left the house, shortly after his interview with the Prince, feeling

that he had amassed sufficient evidence to keep him busy for some time. Returning to the Dover House, he was met in the drive by the sergeant he had left in charge of investigations there. The sergeant said excitedly, "We've got the gun, sir!"

"Where did you find it?"

"Down there in the shrubbery, Wright's been over it for fingerprints, but there aren't any. That makes it murder all right, I reckon. Not a doubt that the bloke who did this took his shot, dropped the gun, and slipped through them bushes to the road."

"Find any footprints?"

"No, sir. Ground's baked hard, you know. I'll show you."

He led the inspector to the lawn that ran down to the stream, but instead of going to the bridge he plunged into the thicket at a point where a clump of asaleas jutted out beyond the dark mass of rhododendrons.

"This is where I found the rifle," he said. "Now, you take a look, sir. Beautiful, easy shot, wouldn't it be?"

The inspector dropped on to his knee, and found that he was looking down at the bridge some twenty yards away, and clearly visible between the shrubs.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Easy enough. He must have stayed quiet, though, till Mr. White and the other two had run down to the bridge, or they'd have heard him."

"That's all right," replied the sergeant. "Plenty of time for him to make his getaway while they were on the bridge. I reckon this is the way he went." He pushed on through the thicket, demonstrating to his chief, as he went, why the unknown murderer must, in his opinion, have struck up towards the carriage-drive, which was at the side of the house.

"The stream bends right round, as you know, sir. There's a bit of a pool on the other side of that bank, so it stands to reason he didn't go that way. Now, the way I look at it, he fired his shot, waited till the people by the house had run down to the bridge, dropped the rifle, and slunk off the way he came."

"Of course, he took a chance of being seen from the house, and coming out on the drive just by the gate, or, more likely, climbing over the wall and walking off down the road."

"Hold on a moment! I'll take a look at the lie of the land," said the inspector, surmounting the slight, sandy bank which the sergeant had pointed out to him.

The stream, taking a bend to the south, widened, below the bank, into a pool, narrowed again, and meandered on until it ran under a bridge in the highway not far from one of the drive-gates. The inspector gazed at the pool in ruminative silence until the sergeant, unable to discover what was holding his interest, ventured to ask him.

"I was thinking," said the inspector, "that no one could jump over that pool."

"Well, they wouldn't want to, would they?" said the sergeant, a little impatiently. "The getaway must have been the way I told you, sir. Stands to reason!"

"Nor," said the inspector, "could they jump the stream above it without being seen by anyone standing on the bridge between the two houses."

"But, sir—"

The inspector was already moving along the bank. "Just a moment, if you please," he said. "Didn't happen to notice that below the pool the stream's a sight narrower, did you?"

"Well, I'm bound to say I don't get what you're after, sir," protested the sergeant.

The sergeant looked at the stream running below him, and then glanced across at the opposite bank.

"I suppose it would be easy enough to jump," he said. "I'd expect to find a footmark or so, though. Ground's bound to be soft, not to say boggy, down by the water."

"Take a look," said the inspector briefly, and went off to explore the other way of escape.

Please turn to page 19

Daughter follows mother in detective career

Sleuthing is in the blood of the Sullivans who combat New York crime

Mrs. Grace Sullivan Lagay, New York's only woman hotel detective, followed in her mother's footsteps in choosing an exciting career foiling thieves and gangsters.

Mrs. Mary Sullivan, the elder of these two intrepid women, spent 35 years in the New York Police Force, the last 20 as Director of the Women's Bureau, the rest as one of New York's few women detectives. She mixed with criminals in hideouts and opium dens, frequented Harlem "dives," and at one time shared a cell with a suspected murderess.

NOW 63, she has, since retiring last year, conducted one of the most popular radio programmes in the United States, "Policewoman," a dramatisation of crimes she has helped to solve.

Her daughter is carrying on the family tradition in her job at the busy Hotel Commodore, with its 4000 to 5000 guests.

Attractive Grace Lagay, who looks slightly like Bette Davis, wanted to be a nurse when she was a little girl. Instead, at 18, she got married, had two babies.

According to Mrs. Lagay you can't break with tradition so easily, for when war broke out and everyone had a job to do she entered New York's police academy, did a stiff six months' course.

Explaining why she went into police work, Mrs. Lagay said:

"I guess it's just part of the family life. I've heard nothing but police work discussed since I was a child. There were always people running in and out of our house in uniform. I feel keenly that police work is a profession — we Sullivans seem to have an aptitude for it."

As a distaff member of the 41-man Protection Department of the Hotel Commodore, one of New York's finest, her duties are varied. The hotel is like a city with a population of between 4000 to 5000, up to 7000 during functions.

Anything that could happen in a city can happen at the hotel, and the Protection Department's aim is to anticipate trouble and prevent it. Because of their efficiency, it's rarely anything happens.

Mrs. Lagay, smartly dressed in a black corded silk suit with a string of pearls, will saunter through the foyer of the hotel, looking like one of the guests. She looks casual enough, but she's constantly alert.

When a woman leaves a \$2000 mink coat on a lobby seat while she goes to the registration desk for 15 minutes, as happened recently, Mrs. Lagay sits on a nearby seat, keeps watch.

Warns undesirables

ANOTHER of her jobs is to keep undesirables from entering the hotel. Quite often, she says, a country man in New York on some convention or business has one or two drinks after the day's work and feels good. A girl smiles at him — he feels better — she speaks to him and he thinks he's Clark Gable.

He suggests supper and the girl says how much she likes beer, suggests a glass in his hotel room. He drinks half a glass into which she's dropped a sleeping-tablet, awakens at midday the next day, finds his wallet gone.

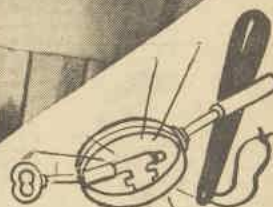
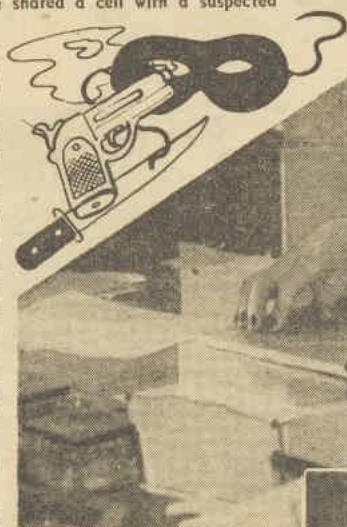
Mrs. Lagay gets a description of these girls, asks them quietly to leave as they enter the hotel.

Big banquets and functions when guests are "jingling with jewellery" see Mrs. Lagay mingling dressed to equal any of them.

At a large banquet recently, warned that a suspected thief might attend, she was on the lookout for him, soon spotted him. She got a table near his own, watched him the whole evening, let him know he was being watched. So nothing happened.

Both Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs.

Airmailed from
New York by
PHILIPPA DAY



MRS. GRACE SULLIVAN LAGAY, only woman detective at the enormous Hotel Commodore in New York. She is the daughter of Mrs. Mary Sullivan, detective.

Lagay claim that their close association with thieves, crooks, confidence men, and murderers has not dampened their faith in human nature.

"I've always found it basically fine," said the smiling, energetic Mrs. Sullivan, when I talked to her in her cosy apartment in Greenwich Village.

As a young woman Mary Sullivan stepped naturally into the police force.

Her uncle was an official in the New York Police Department, her cousin an inspector at Soondland Yard, and three brothers and her sister were in the New York Police Force. Two nephews are now in this force.

When Mrs. Sullivan started duty as a matron in the New York police station her job was to attend to women prisoners. Detectives found her keen mind useful in questioning and soon she was working as a detective on temporary assignments.

In the first case she handled on her own she posed as a wealthy widow to get evidence against a swindler.

"I wore widow's weeds — luckily I had a sealskin coat with ermine collar, the rage at the time," she said. "I went right in and met the man with my heart and eyes wide open."

"I told him my husband had been a Wall Street man and that I had no financial sense, didn't know how to handle my money. Sure enough he promised to make me twice as wealthy if I let him handle my affairs."

Soon she had enough evidence. The swindler was convicted.

Scared in Harlem

AFTER working on New York's booming East Side for several years, Mrs. Sullivan was moved up to Harlem, New York's negro section, was on duty there for more than five years.

Here, she confesses, her duties sometimes had her scared. Once she had to go into one of Harlem's lowest dives, unescorted, to obtain evidence to convict the proprietor.

It was down a windy back street, the door was always iron barred, and you had to know the proprietor to enter.

Said she: "Fellow detectives were



MRS. MARY SULLIVAN, who worked for 35 years in the New York Police Force and now conducts a popular radio programme based on her detective cases.

lounging round the streets outside, disguised, but I was locked in virtually alone.

"My job was to get outside and somehow get the detectives in after I'd got the evidence I wanted."

"I did it by discovering I'd lost my wallet in the doorway, asking Charlie, the tough proprietor, to look for it. As he turned his back, the detectives swooped in."

In those days, Mrs. Sullivan said, to see women smoking cigarettes in any place was enough to make them suspect. She remembers patrolling the beach at Coney Island and

serving summonses on women whose stockings were not rolled up above their knees.

Always a stickler for women's equality, Mrs. Sullivan went to New York's State capital in 1918, and asked the legislature that police-women's status be recognised, and that they receive the same rights and privileges as men.

Legislation was passed to that effect, but she did not gain official detective's rank until 1923, later became one of three women in the department's history to gain the rank of first-grade detective.

She is one of the few women to wear a bar with gold star above her police badge. This is because she won the Police Department's Honor Legion for getting evidence that convicted a peddler who used his wife's silk stockings to strangle a woman boarding-house keeper.

After her period in Harlem, Mrs. Sullivan was appointed to the homicide Squad, helped to solve a number of famous murders and crimes.

Typical of her assignments during her detective career was the seven weeks she spent in the company of a gunman's girl-friend to get evidence to convict him for a murder committed in an underworld feud.

The assignment even took her to opium dens.

Another time she spent three weeks serving a jail sentence to gain evidence about a 17-year-old girl charged with murder.

Tell-tale bite

THE murdered woman had been bitten on the arm, and one proof of the girl's innocence or guilt was to take an impression of her mouth.

After a week of trying to get the girl to talk, Mrs. Sullivan came back from the District Attorney's office, told the girl she had to submit again to a finger-printing, even a mouth impression.

The girl, therefore, was not suspicious when her mouth impression was taken. It didn't coincide with the teeth marks, and the girl was not convicted.

After such assignments as these, Mrs. Sullivan was amply qualified to pick her girls for similar assignments when she became director of the Police Women's Bureau. When she took over there were 60 police-women in New York. Now there are 195.

Mrs. Sullivan isn't one who believes crime is engendered by bad environment.

"I was reared in a New York tenement building, one of eight children," she said. "No matter how poor parents are, if they are honest and rear their children honestly, that's the main thing."

Her daughter, however, does believe environment is important in determining crime.

"There's a little bit of larceny in everyone," she said. "Little girls at school take pencils; little boys steal apples. It's environment and upbringing that are paramount in checking the tendency."

"At last— my Silver Fox"

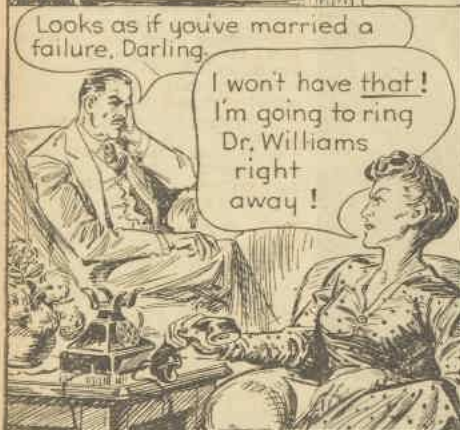
"—but there was a time when I thought
we'd never get much out of life..."



How can I
face the office
feeling like this?...
Tired out all the time,
nerves on edge. I'll
never be Sales Manager
at this rate.



That Sales Manager's
appointment is still
open, Wilson, but... I'm
far from satisfied
that you're the
man. You've lost
all your drive and
energy lately. You
used to be so full
of beans.



Looks as if you've married a
failure, Darling.

I won't have that!
I'm going to ring
Dr. Williams
right
away!

AT THE DOCTOR'S



Mr. Wilson, your symptoms
indicate "**NIGHT STARVATION**".
You probably don't realise it,
but while you sleep you
must replace energy lost
during the day. Even during
the night your heart and
lungs continue their
work. Naturally,
unless this energy is
replaced, you're
bound to wake
tired....
become nervy.
I recommend
HORLICKS

LATER



Well, now that I'm
Sales Manager
what would you
like most?



Each glass of Horlick's before bed gives you...

Protein — essential to the growth and
development of every part of the body.
Without protein to form body and tissue
cells, growth cannot take place, and then
wear and tear resulting from our daily
activities is not made good.

Fat — almost entirely derived from milk;
an efficient source of energy and also of

vitamins A and D.

Carbohydrate — chiefly maltose and
dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick
energy) and lactose, which is of great
value to young children.

Mineral Salts — to help in building
tissue and in regulating body activities.
These minerals salts include:

**Made with milk.*

Calcium — of which there is a deficiency
in many Australian diets and yet is so
necessary for building sound bone and
good teeth.

Vitamins A, B₁, B₂ and D — each
fulfilling its own special job
in the maintenance of sound
nutrition.



HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

WEDNESDAY, May 21, is an important day this week, and can bring success and good fortune to Geminians, Librans, and Aquarians, with Arians and Leonians also benefitting to a lesser degree.

Sagittarians, Virgoans, and Piceans should live quietly, however, and avoid changes for some time.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A helpful week, so keep busy on fairly important matters. May 21 (to 9 p.m.) good; 25 (after 4 p.m.) and 26 (1 p.m. to 4 p.m.) both helpful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Rush important matters through on May 20 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.), 21 (to 9 p.m.), 23, and 27 (except 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.). Rest of week poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Fortunate weeks ahead, so work hard. May 21 (to 9 p.m.) excellent; 22, 25 (to 10 a.m.), and 26 also helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): May 21 (to 9 p.m.) can prove unexpectedly fortunate this week, so use well. May 23, 24, 25 (to 10 a.m.), and 27 (except 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.) also good.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): May 21 (after 9 p.m.) excellent; 25 (after 4 p.m.), 26 (1 p.m. to 3 p.m.), and 27 (except 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.) helpful on the whole.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): After May 20 beware pitfalls of all kinds and live quietly. May 21 de-



ceptive, 22 and 27 poor, so keep to routine tasks.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Be confident on May 21 (to 9 p.m.) as success is imminent. May 22 (except midday) fair; 24 and 28 poor.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Better week ahead, but live quietly for the present. May 23 and 24 poor; 24 (noon to 3 p.m.) fair.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Avoid changes for some weeks. And beware loss and partings. May 21 deceptive, 22 adverse, 25 and 26 (1 p.m. to 5 p.m.) poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 30): May 28 and 21 (to 9 p.m.) can prove quite fortunate, but rest of week unhelpful. Live quietly on May 23, 24, 25, and 26.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 30 to Feb. 19): A difficult week. May 20 adverse, 21 (to 9 p.m.) quiet but unhelpful. May 22, 23, and 24 (afternoon) all helpful, but rest of week poor.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Finalize non-important matters on May 20 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.), but live quietly after the date for several weeks.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TEA: 12 to 24 (12 to 16 expire May 25, when 25 to 28 become available).

SUGAR: 30 to 512 (513, 514 available May 25).

BUTTER: 16-18 (expire May 25, when 19-21 become available).

MEAT: Black, 36-47 (expire May 25, when 48-50 become available); green, 51-52 (expire May 26, when 53 and 54 become available).

CLOTHING: 257-112 (expire June 25, 1947), 1-56 current.

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 24, 1947



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have both run into terrible danger in their search for **MARSHA DALE:** And her guide. At Glass Inn, on top of Glass Mountain, sinister proprietor **GRATZ:** Keeps slaves chained to a man-driven electric generator. Mandrake climbs up the

death-pipe, rescues Marsha, and releases the slaves and Lothar from their chains. He is telling the slaves, who are really lost mountaineers captured for Gratz by a trained bear, that they are now free, when Gratz appears at the door with a machine-gun. NOW READ ON:



YOU'RE SUCH A NASTY MAN, GRATZ--EVEN YOUR OWN GUN DOESN'T LIKE YOU!

AND HOW! BESIDES, EVERY TIME HE PULLS THE TRIGGER, IT TICKLES!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME ALIVE!

OUTSIDE, EVERYONE! GET OUT OF GLASS INN!

MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY--THE GUN SEEMS TO SPRING FROM GRATZ'S HANDS, AND TURN UPON HIM, SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR... AND TALKING!



FOLLOWED BY HIS GREAT BEAR, GRATZ HURRIES TO A HIGH ROCKY LEDGE. HE PULLS A SWITCH...

AND YOU'LL NEVER GET GLASS INN! IT'S MINE!

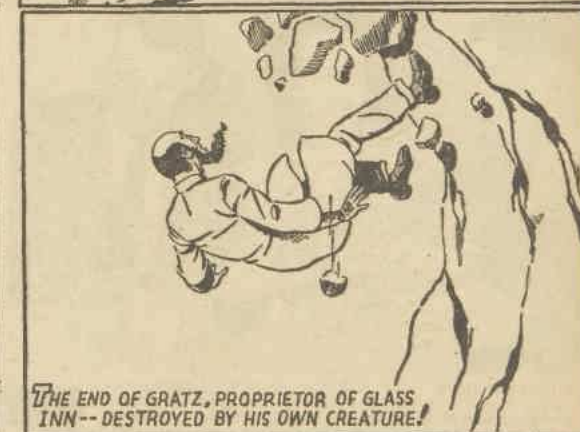


...THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, DEMOLISHING GLASS INN!



FRIGHTENED BY THE CRASHING NOISE, THE GREAT BEAR SUDDENLY TURNS ON HIS MASTER!

BACK, RUFFO! BACK! IT'S ME--ME!



THE END OF GRATZ, PROPRIETOR OF GLASS INN--DESTRUCTED BY HIS OWN CREATURE!



RUFFO SEEMS FRIENDLY, NOW. JUST AN ORDINARY BEAR TRAINED BY GRATZ TO OBEY HIS COMMANDS.



WHAT A FANTASTIC ADVENTURE! A TRAINED BEAR, CAPTURING STRAY CLIMBERS, WHO WERE ENSLAVED IN A GLASS INN ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK!

IT'S CURED ME OF MOUNTAINS! I'LL NEVER CLIMB ANYTHING AGAIN BUT STAIRS! AND EVEN THEN--I'LL TAKE THE ELEVATOR!

NEXT WEEK; NEW ADVENTURE

"MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN," a 28-page book containing two full-length Mandrake picture stories, is now available at all newsagents. Price 6d.



PRESENTATION. Club's president, Mr. O. E. ("Os") Richards, of Caloola, Baan Baa, watches his wife present prize for Breeze Consolation Plate to Mr. W. A. Clift for his win with Val Orb.



COCKTAIL PARTY. Duncan Anderson, June Chapman, and Mrs. B. Davies, of Gunnedah, book up dances on their programmes for the ball.



ATTENDING her first dance, sub-deb. Robin Allen (left), daughter of the Frank Allens, of Merri Owen, Boggabri, and Sally Ryder, of Violet Downs, Narrabri, help Lysle Roberts, of Sydney, fill in his dance programme at ball at Town Hall.



AT THE RACES. Mrs. Bill Hardy, Sundella, Quirindi (left); Mr. John Brunton, of Sydney; Mrs. Pat Arnott, of Coolah Creek, Coolah. Mr. Brunton was interested in seeing the J. S. Brunton Maiden race, for which he donated the trophy in memory of his father.

Gunnedah Picnics

"THE best ever" is verdict of members of Gunnedah Amateur Picnic Race Club after day's festivities. Meeting is second to be held since end of war, and race-course looked like miniature Randwick with crowds thronging around bookies and tote.

Am told that Gunnedah Picnic Race Club is second oldest registered club in State. Among records are racebooks dated as far back as 1888.

MORE than 700 people attend meeting, and at ball at night more than 500 guests dance to strains of Syd Simpson's Sydney band. In fact, all enjoy themselves so much that only criticism is that meeting should revert back to old idea of two days' racing and parties.

Many members, too, think former idea of club of commencing races about eleven o'clock in the morning with break for real picnic lunch is better than lunching in town before races commence at 1.30 p.m. Young people particularly keen for two days' "doings."

WOMEN owners who raced at Gunnedah were Noreen Dangar, of Gostwyck, Uralla, who brought her horse Eden Maid; and Mrs. Edgar Mills, of Kevle, Tamworth, who raced Mikulas and Master Andrew.

THAT country energy . . . the Claude Renshaw, of Boggadah, Binnaway, leave for Dubbo to attend Jockey Club meeting on day following Gunnedah races. Mrs. Renshaw, who was Helen Burleigh, of Sydney, before marriage, left her two children, Howard and Priscilla, at home. Their guests at the Gunnedah picnics included Mr. and Mrs. A. Lindsay, Mia Mia, Purlough; Mr. J. McMaster, Binnia, Coolah; and Joan Roberts, Dapper, Gulgong.



DINNER PARTY. Mr. T. Barker (Quirindi), Helen Armstrong, and Mr. H. Barker (Curlwies) are guests at dinner party given at Nicholas' Cafe by Mrs. Cliff Edwards, of Telba, Gunnedah, and Mrs. M. D. Frend, of Wahroonga, Gunnedah.



PICNIC LUNCH. Geoff Richards (left), June Morrice, of Ardmana, Baan Baa; Bill Richards, of Riverstone, Baan Baa; and Mrs. H. A. Morton, of Wairoa, Narrabri, enjoy picnic lunch which is given by Geoff and Bill's parents, the Os Richards, at racecourse.



PRETTY FROCKS worn by Noeline Baker (left) and Pat Ogilvy, daughter of hon. treasurer of Picnic Race Club, Mr. C. S. Ogilvy, and Mrs. Ogilvy. Noeline wore American beauty red frock, while Pat chose white crepe.

POPULAR win when Harry Hawker, of Klori, Manilla, who is patron of club and past president, wins Gunnedah Picnic Race Club Cup with his horse Winford. Harry held presidency of club for 13 years, and is popular figure in district. Another popular win is when Arthur Clift, of The Dip, Breeza, wins the J. S. Brunton Maiden Stakes with Best Bo. His brother William wins Breeza Consolation Plate.

Breeza Consolation Plate is memorial to J. B. Clift, so it was a thrill for his son Bill, who is vice-president, to win with Val Orb, which was the last horse old J.B. raced with his own colors before he died after 72 years of racing.

DISAPPOINTED that their horse Dindimar was not fit to race, Bill and Clare Moses, of Gunnedah, are hoping to race at Wean picnics this Wednesday. They have had two wins at Wean, and are keeping their fingers crossed for the lucky third. So that he would not miss cocktail party and ball in his home town, Bill hires special plane to fly to Scone for Jockey Club Meeting. Bill is president of Northern and Northwestern Districts Racing Association, and unfortunately Scone races conflicted with Gunnedah's date.

CAN see this picnic race business is going to become an expensive hobby for Vince Byrnes, of Strathfield, Manilla. Reason being that if he and his lovely daughter Clare win many more trophies they'll have to build a separate wing to accommodate them all.

NICE gesture of club members when they invite local war widows to belong to club as honorary members. Mrs. Keith McPherson, of Wandinong, Mullaby; Mrs. G. R. Sefton, of Boggabri; and Mrs. Betty Gregg, of Brolga, Gunnedah, are honoraries. Their husbands were former members of the club.

SYDNEY VISITORS. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Yates, of Bellevue Hill, attend the ball after the races. Dodie and Phil were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Wishart, Glenoak, Currahubula.

INVETERATE picnic racegoers, Chip and Nellie Hill, from Colley Plains, Quirindi, arrived with the "G.G." of picnics, "Gentleman Grandfather" jockey Johnny Mills and his attractive wife, Winifred. The Mills' returning to Quirindi to pack their bags to come to Sydney for arrival of their daughter Judy (Mrs. John Amory), who arrives with her husband from Washington, U.S.A., to make home in Canberra for next twelve months.

IMPRESSIONS of Gunnedah picnics . . . "The Desert-Song" shell approach Bill Richards has when he literally carries off his mother for their dance together . . . Mrs. N. McGlue's (Boggabri) and Sydney's foresight in carrying her navy-and-white two-toned shoes until she arrived at the course. "I've been caught before with those gates that have to be opened in the country," she says . . . Dodie Yates carrying her shoe-cleaner with her and leaving the racecourse looking as fresh as when she arrived . . . The good idea of the Keith Vickers, of Boggabri, who brought comfortable little folding canvas chairs with them and set up their own little grandstand on the side of the course under shady trees.

RACING seems to be a family tradition in the North . . . secretary to the Gunnedah picnics, Don Tweedie, has superseded his father, Mr. M. C. Tweedie, this year for the first time. However, Mr. Tweedie, seagor, is well to the fore, and together with Mr. Harry Hawker and Mr. T. J. Keenan he keeps the "boys of the old brigade" together.

JOYCE

WORTH Reporting

FORTY ex-Servicemen studying hairdressing at Sydney Technical College under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme and patients at Callan Park Mental Hospital, Sydney, are helped mutually by a scheme organised by Mr. A. W. Kerr, 18 years a hairdresser and now manager of a cosmetics firm.

The ex-Servicemen are taken by Mr. Kerr to the hospital, where patients await their coming eagerly, thoroughly enjoying the cutting, washing, and setting of their hair.

It gives the budding hairdressers splendid practice, and as they leave patients ask anxiously when they will be back again.

Mr. Kerr gives up a week every month to voluntarily instructing these ex-Servicemen in the tricks of his trade.

They are never likely to forget the word "taper," as it is his catchword, and with charts and diagrams he illustrates how hair should be shaped before a permanent wave.

"You must never take too much hair away from women's ears," said Mr. Kerr. "This is what I tell the students. Women don't like it, and they won't come to you again. I also say that the client is always right. That applies to all kinds of businesses."

The ex-Servicemen are getting on remarkably well. Some are in salons now, and one is entering for a competition in hair-cutting.

Naturally, with some of the first attempts there were a few mistakes. One man's first attempt at shingling turned the hair on a woman's head into a series of steps and stairs. But Mr. Kerr, averting trouble, tactfully cut what was left into an Eton crop.

A SYDNEY librarian who has recently received a copy of a new American geography book now in use in American primary schools passes on this little piece which she discovered as the sole data devoted to Australia in the entire book: "Jack Rabbit was first introduced to Australia by Americans in 1942. It has now become such a menace that it is chasing Australian settlers off their land."

Still making dough

AT a corner of the main street in Mildura, Victoria, stands 71-year-old Bill Carter waiting for tired and laden homeward-bound shoppers. With his bicycle-carrier he runs a parcel-carrying service, charging sixpence for light parcels, 2/- for heavy ones.

This ingenious idea is Bill's way of supplementing his pension and entertaining himself now that he has retired.

His varied life has included building in Johannesburg, fighting in the Boer War, prospecting at Tennant's Creek, baking for men working on the North-South railway in Central Australia.

He set up a bakery at Katherine, Northern Territory, measuring eight feet square and built of ant-bed and beer bottles.

On the walls he painted diverting slogans such as "Rock Cakes for Road Making," "Forty-four Years a Loser," "Still Making Dough," "Weird Pies and Strange Pasties."

All his travels have left Bill with the conviction that Mildura is the best place in the world.

Animal Antics



"I love you, Ethel."

LAATEST Mayfair craze (and a slightly expensive one if you want to pick your artist) is to have your portrait sketched on the inside flap of your handbag. Elspeth Grant, well-known London film critic, had hers painted by James Proufoot, of the Royal Society of Artists. His commission is usually £500 a portrait; but this was a quick drawing done at a party.

Voice from the past

SHONA DUNLOP, lovely New Zealand member of the Bodensee Ballet Company, danced for the first time at her birthplace, Dunedin, during the company's recent New Zealand tour. One of her parts in "Pilgrimage of Truth" was that of an angel, and after the performance Shona, amid overwhelming congratulations, joined in a laugh against herself.

In the audience was one of her ex-schoolteachers, whose comment was, "It came as a shock to see Shona as an angel. I only remember her as a little devil."

LONDON'S latest name for teenagers, dobby-soxers (or young girls) is "debutens."

Mechanical magic

A CIRCULAR from the British General Electric Co. found its way on to our desk recently.

It described a new system of mechanised car parking.

This "push button garage," as it has been called, has been demonstrated in Britain to Cabinet Ministers, Scotland Yard Chiefs, and others; and (we quote) it packs cars as neatly as eggs in an egg-box.

Furthermore (quote again), the cities of the world are clamouring for details.

We're not surprised at that, judging by the parking troubles of city motorists.

There's a long description of how the thing works, which we're sure would be intelligible to any small boy, but not to us.

Our favorite bit says: "Take off the end car from one row and there is the car capacity of the unit fully loaded—nineteen cars and twenty spaces. The vacant space is most important because it makes possible the grandest game that the wit of engineers could ever invent."

"Problem: How to move the pieces round so as to get No. 14, say, from its present position to the vacant position—the least possible number of moves!"

Goah, the fun you miss when you're not mechanically minded!

Hot air

HOT air is being put to practical use in Britain. It is being blown through houses affected by the recent floods.

Mobile units of the Royal Borough of New Windsor have been touring the district, poking hoses through doors and windows, and using a machine to puff warm currents through the rooms, drying up soaked carpets and upholstery.

Britain's Electrical Development Association has also been struck by the potentialities of hot air. In all seriousness they say that the excess hot air used to heat London's underground stations could be sold from tubes to warm houses.

MR. BONAR THOMPSON, one of the colorful speakers in London's Hyde Park, draws a regular-Sunday afternoon crowd, and has now launched a monthly review. In it he states: "It can now be laid down as an axiom that any man or woman who has never heard me speak has failed in life."

Slight error

A FARMER walked into a post office in Cardiganshire, South Wales, and handed over a bucketful of money with the remark that it contained "£1000 for the bank and national savings."

The clerk, used to the locals' informal methods of hoarding money, didn't bat an eyelid, but counted out the notes and coins and said: "There's only £900 here."

The farmer was unconvinced. The clerk checked it again.

Just as he was pushing the money across to the farmer with an invitation to check it, the old man had a brainwave.

"The wife must have given me the wrong bucket," he said.

Canaries sometimes fly

CANARIES don't often get a chance to fly, for if they take to the air stronger birds soon destroy them. So five Yorkshire canaries are feeling rather superior at present, because they flew by A.N.A. from Melbourne and Adelaide for the show held in Sydney by the Yorkshire Canary Club of Australia.

Birds arrived by train, car, and personal delivery from all over Australia. There were 574 of them, an all-time record for the show.

President of the club, Mr. J. P. Fuller, extols canaries as a means of making happy homes.

"Keep the men at home, you know. They must be there to keep an eye on things during the canary breeding season," he said.

"It's hard to buy a good bird now. When I first started keeping Yorkshire canaries they were £2 a pair, but there are some birds here whose owners refused £25 for them. In England," he sighed, "at the Crystal Palace, two birds once brought £200."

Yorkshire points to remember: Cock birds' eyes are bigger than hens'; they are bred to stand up like soldiers; correct length is 6½ inches.

Brides in U.S.

OUR New York office sent us a cutting recently from the Louisville "Courier-Journal," headed "Campus Meets Aussie Brides." It told the story, with pictures, of three attractive Australian girls who are working at the University of Louisville, where their husbands, returned soldiers, are studying.

The girls are Mrs. James Wilkes, formerly Betty Jane Bunt, of Perth; Mrs. John Craig, formerly Annette Bryce, also of Perth; and Mrs. Ralph S. Petrilli, formerly Judy Olsen, of Brisbane.

Mrs. Wilkes is secretary of the office of Student Health; Mrs. Craig is secretary to the director of the Veterans' Co-ordination Office; and Mrs. Petrilli is secretary to the dean of the Speed Scientific School.

Writer of the article was complimentary about all three girls. He says that Mrs. Craig "would make a satisfactory stand-in for Margaret Sullivan."

Mrs. Craig, by the way, is reported as saying: "I don't think the Australian men make as good husbands in general as do the American men. The American is more attentive, appreciative, and understanding."

Her cardigan has that New look... that **LUX LOOK**



"Hostess" an exclusive Lux model (Pattern below with dolman or plain sleeves.)

Woolies stay New-looking far longer with gentle LUX care!

Send for these **FREE** **KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS**

Free instructions for "Hostess" cardigan will gladly be sent in bust sizes 32-36. Simply cut out this panel (round dotted lines) and pin it to a stamped, addressed envelope. Post to Knitting Offer, Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd. Box 4100 G.P.O. Sydney, N.W.

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THE LITTLE SCOUTS



The Australian Women's Weekly—May 24, 1947

A STIRRING ADVENTURE TALE FOR BOYS

Perilous Journey

Set in the days of Good Queen Bess, and capturing the swash-buckling atmosphere of the period, this is the story of brave Hal Munday, a young London apprentice. He stumbles from one danger to another as he carries a precious jewel across England. A thrilling, amusing, and instructive book which makes an ideal gift.

Price 7/6
At All Booksellers

A SHAKESPEARE HEAD BOOK

She says

I have been a sufferer with kidney and bladder trouble for the last 17 years and have tried everything, but in most cases I was worse. Feeling very ill one day, and unable to get up, I read your advertisement for Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and thought I would give them a trial. I have never looked back. You do not know how grateful I am to you for such a wonderful medicine.



He says

Before taking Menthoids, I had been steadily going downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to regain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day, I feel ten years younger.

Many people to-day are physically and mentally exhausted after six years of war-strain, anxiety and overwork. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment is so good in these cases, because it contains no drugs or stimulants, but, instead, it cleanses the whole system

so that you become invigorated with the glow of good health —aches and pains melt away. If you suffer from constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic aches and pains, Kidney and Bladder troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or similar ailments, start a course of Menthoids to-day. You can get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to

MENTHOIDS, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

Dr MACKENZIE'S

MENTHOIDS

Containing THIONINE - The Great BLOOD MEDICINE



THE sergeant rejoined him later by the police car in the drive. There was mud on his boots and he was looking rather sulky. "I didn't find any trace of footmarks," he said.

"Ah, well," replied the inspector. "Maybe I'm wrong. Nothing more to be done here; we'll go back to the station."

As the police car reached the gate, it had to wait to allow another car, on the road, to go past. The sergeant remarked that it was Dr. Chester's. "Dashing off to Greystanes, I wouldn't wonder," he said. "By all accounts, Mrs. Carter sends for him to hold her hand every time her little finger aches. I don't envy him his job to-day."

"No," agreed the inspector. The sergeant was quite right in thinking that the car was the doctor's and that the doctor was bound for Greystanes. A few minutes later he drew up outside the porch, and got out. The front door was still standing open, and he walked into the hall, encountering there Mary, who had just come down the stairs.

She was looking pale, and worried, but her eyes lit up when she saw Chester, and she went quickly towards him, holding out her hands. "Oh, Maurice, I'm so glad you've come!"

He took her hands, holding them firmly in his for a moment. "I couldn't come sooner, I was in the middle of my surgery when Hinchcliffe rang up to tell me. How's Ermytrude?"

"Awful!" said Mary. He looked critically at her. "You look as though you're in need of my professional services yourself. I prescribe a stiff whisky and soda. See you take it!"

"It's not such a bad idea," she admitted. "I don't seem to have had time to collect myself. I can't even quite grasp what's happened."

"What did happen?" he asked. "Hinchcliffe merely told me that White sent for him and that he found Carter dead—shot—on the bridge. Is anything known?"

"No, nothing. We had a police-inspector here until a short while ago. It was—pretty ghastly. I always thought I was a level-headed sort of person, but I didn't seem able to think things out a bit, and I'm afraid I made a perfect fool of myself. Hugh keeps on drumming it into me that I must tell the whole truth, but you know what a wrong impression one can give by telling some truths!"

"Hugh Dering? Is he here?" "No, not now. He was here when it happened and he stayed, like the angel he is, until the inspector left. Do you want to see Ermytrude?"

"Yes, where is she?" "Receiving consolation from the Prince in the drawing-room."

"That fellow!" Chester said, in a tone of disgust. "All right, show me in!"

Ermytrude was once more reclining on a couch, this time in a black tea-gown. A shaded lamp stood behind the couch, and beside her the Prince sat, upon a low chair, holding one of her hands in his, and talking softly.

When Mary opened the door, Ermytrude sighed: "Oh, can't I be left in peace ever?" But when she saw Chester walk in, she exclaimed in a much more robust tone: "Oh, Maurice, if it's not you! Come in! You're the very person I want." The Prince got up. If he was annoyed, he did not show it.

Ermytrude sat up, extending her hand towards Chester. "Oh, Maurice, I wish it had been you!" she said. "Somehow it seems to make it worse, Hinchcliffe being sent for, for you know I've never liked him, nor poor Wally either!"

Chester took her hand, but glanced over his shoulder, addressing him-

Continuing . . . No Wind of Blame

from page 12

self impartially to both Mary and to the Prince.

"Too many people in this room," he said. "Prince, take Miss Cliffe to the dining-room, and give her a whisky and soda, will you?"

"But with the greatest pleasure on earth!" the Prince said. He held open the door for Mary, but, instead of permitting her to go with him to the dining-room, he insisted on her sitting down in one of the big leather armchairs that stood in the hall, while he went to mix a drink for her.

He had just brought it to her when Vicky wandered downstairs. "Oh, hullo! Bottle party?" she inquired.

"Poor Miss Cliffe is exhausted," explained the Prince. "I am commanded by Dr. Chester to give her whisky, and to be sure she drinks it." Mary pressed her hand to her forehead.

"Vicky, what about dinner?" she asked. "It must be nearly time. I hope Mrs. Peake hasn't taken it into her head that it won't be wanted."

"Ah, no, for Peake is even now setting the table!" the Prince assured her. He smiled at Vicky. "Sit down, duckling. You have had so great a shock! You are pale, my little one; you, too, need Alexis to take care of you, I think."

"Not if it means whisky," replied Vicky. "Is Maurice here, Mary?"

"Yes, with your mother."

"Oh, good! Perhaps he will make her go to bed." She turned to the Prince, and said prettily: "We're so sorry this should happen during your visit, Alexis. I'm afraid you'll take a perfectly ghastly memory of Greystanes with you to-morrow."

"I do not go to-morrow," he replied. "You do not suppose that I would run from you when you are in such trouble!"

"Oh, Alexis, I do think that's sweet and sacrificing of you," said Vicky. "Only, do you feel it's wise of you?"

"Wise of me? I do not understand!"

"I rather suspect that the police will think it's a bit odd of you. That inspector asked the most unnerving questions about you, and he's so dumb that I wouldn't be at all surprised if he's cast you for the part of the murderer."

"But it is ridiculous!" exclaimed the Prince. "You are joking, surely!"

"Oh, Alexis, joking at such a time! Oh, how could you think I'd be so frightful?"

"You are overwrought, then. As for your police inspector, I snap my fingers at him, so! Do not trouble your so lovely little head on my account, my Vicky!"

A telephone bell had rung in the distance a minute or two before, and Peake now came into the hall to tell Mary that Mr. Steel wished to speak to her.

Steel's voice, at the other end of the wire, sounded deeper than usual. He said: "That you, Mary? I've just heard the most incredible—it isn't true, is it?"

"If you mean Wally's death, yes, it's true."

There was a slight pause. "Mary, you don't mean he was actually murdered, do you?"

"I'm afraid so. How did you hear of it?"

"One of my men's just come in with the news. How's Ermytrude?"

"She's upset, naturally. We hope to get her to bed."

"I'll come over at once. We can't talk on the telephone."

"Oh, no, you will not come over!" said Mary. "Dr. Chester's with her now, and she doesn't want any visitors to-night. Besides, the more you stay out of this the better it'll be, Robert. Peake heard what you said to me this morning, and he told the police."

"Do you think I care for that?" "I don't know, and I'm past minding, but if you come over here you won't see Aunt Ermy."

"There was another pause. "All right. I'll wait till the morning. Tell her I rang up, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll tell her!" said Mary, glancing round as the door opened, and Vicky came into the room. She put the receiver down. "What have you done with the Prince, Vicky? He hasn't gone back into the drawing-room, has he?"

"No, upstairs. That was one time I didn't strike on the box, wasn't it?"

"Did you think you were going to?"

"Well, I thought there was just a chance. Did Robert ring up to con-

sole?" "He rang up to know if it was true. He wanted to come round, but I stopped him."

Vicky lit a cigarette, and flicked the match into the hearth. "Oh, I think you were frightfully right. I shouldn't be at all taken aback if we discovered he did it, would you?"



"Don't!" implored Mary. "Yes, of course I should."

"Darling, I'm simply dripping with sympathy for you, but don't suddenly be a dewy innocent, because I don't feel I can bear it. If Percy didn't do it, Alexis or Robert must have. There isn't anybody else."

"Vicky, don't say things like that. You don't know—there may have been others we've never heard of. What would you think if Robert or the Prince said it must be you, because you happened to be in the shrubbery at the time?"

Vicky blew a cloud of smoke. "But, Mary, dear pet, how could I possibly? I practically never hit anything when I take a gun out."

"That isn't the impression you generally put across, or try to," said Mary, dryly. "Anyone listening to you would imagine you were a pretty good shot."

"Yes, but when I give that impression, I'm just putting on an act," explained Vicky. "Actually, I'm a poor shot, I think."

"I'll remember to tell the inspector so, if he asks me," promised Mary.

By the next morning, nearly everyone connected with the case, instead of having been soothed by a night's repose, was in a state either of exasperation or of foreboding.

The inspector found himself bogged in a quagmire of evidence; Mary foresaw endless days of strain; the Prince had, apparently, realised his own position, and was feeling it acutely; and Ermytrude had discovered a fresh grievance against Harold White.

Only Vicky came down to breakfast with her usual serenity.

Ermytrude had been persuaded to breakfast in her room, but not in solitude. She held a sort of court, sitting up in bed against a background of silk and lace-edged pillows.

The morning's post had brought her a certain measure of comfort, for the news of Wally's death had spread quickly over the countryside, and she was able to say with mournful pride that all the best people had written to her.

Breakfast for those in the dining-room became an unquiet meal, disturbed continuously by the ringing of Ermytrude's bell, and the constant appearances of housemaids bearing urgent, and very often contradictory, messages from the widow.

It had occurred to Ermytrude, in

the night watches, that not only had her husband met his death on his way to keep an assignation which she had known nothing about, but that no one had so far explained to her why he had gone over to see that Harold White.

A note from Lady Dering, delivered by hand, took her mind off this problem for a little while, but she remembered it again when she rang for her breakfast, and at once sent for Mary and commanded her instantly to ring up the Dowry House, and tell White to come over.

"You mark my words, dearie, whatever it was that took poor Wally there, that White wasn't up to any good!" she said. "And considering my position, and Wally being shot practically in his garden, I should have thought the least he could do would be to have come right over to apologise—well, no, I don't mean that exactly, but, anyway, he ought to have come."

By this time Mary had been connected with the Dowry House. Janet's voice hurried into distressful speech, and for a few minutes Mary had no opportunity of delivering Ermytrude's message.

However, when she saw Ermytrude stretch out a hand to wreathe the pink enamel receiver away from her, she broke in on the flood of Janet's condolences, and said that Ermytrude was anxious to see White, and would be grateful if he could spare the time to call on her on his way to the colliery office.

"Grateful!" ejaculated Ermytrude. "Don't talk so silly to her, Mary! Tell her I say he is to come!"

Mary covered the mouthpiece with her hand. "He's gone to work. Janet wants to know if you'd like him to look in this evening."

ERMYTRUDE said wrathfully. "Oh, he's gone to work, has he? And no more thought for me lying here in the dark than that bed-post!"

"Janet says he told her she was to call this morning and leave cards."

"What's the good of cards?" demanded Ermytrude. "I don't want her cards! I don't want her either, if it comes to that."

Mary made frantic signs to her to be quiet and tried to tell Janet that Ermytrude was not up to receiving visitors. Janet said: "I thought, as I was the last person who saw him alive, she'd like me to come and tell her just how he died."

"No, I don't think that would be very desirable," said Mary.

"I thought it might be a comfort to her," said Janet. "I'm certain he didn't suffer at all. It was all over in an instant."

"Look here, Janet, not over the telephone!" begged Mary.

"No, of course not. I'll come over and tell you all about it."

"Thank you," said Mary faintly.

She hung up the receiver and turned her attention to Ermytrude, who had succeeded in working herself up into a state of indignation.

When she was in the middle of a really impassioned diatribe against the Whites, Vicky walked into the room with her table-napkin under her arm and a slice of toast-and-butter in one hand and announced that two reporters were seeking to gain admittance to the house.

Ermytrude exclaimed first, "The Press!" in a throbbing voice of anguish, but an instant later she sat up, thrusting her breakfast-tray to one side of the bed.

"Whatever happens, you're not to talk to them nor to see them either, Vicky!" she said briskly.

"Oh, darling, can't I? I've never had my picture in the papers and I quite think they might take one of me."

"That's just what they're not going to get a chance of doing. Now, don't argue, there's a love! I want you to have your photograph in the papers, ducky, and so you shall, but this is not the kind of publicity for you, you take my word for it! Mary, run quick, and tell Peake they're not to be let in! Good gracious, it would ruin Vicky's chances—absolutely ruin them!"

"Let me think! We shall have to give them some kind of a statement, and I was just thinking if Alexis doesn't mind he might have a talk with them; and if they choose to take a picture of him and say how he's a guest here I'm sure I've no objection to that. Ask him, Mary dear, but tell him to be careful what he says to them!"

The Prince did not at first take kindly to the suggestion that he should interview the representatives of the Press, but Mary, remembering with what ease Inspector Cook had induced her to disclose far more than she had meant to, was determined that she was not going to allow herself to be interrogated by eager reporters, and made it plain to the Prince that if his object in staying at Greystanes was to be of use, here was his chance.

It was not long before Janet arrived, carrying a bunch of dahlias which she begged Mary to give to Ermytrude with her love.

"I couldn't go into Fritton, because my bicycle's got a puncture, so I had to pick what I could out of the garden," she explained. "I'm sorry they aren't nicer, but I felt I must bring something. I wish they could have been lilies."

Mary took the flowers and thanked her, and went away to put them in water, leaving Janet to wait in the morning-room. When Ermytrude, who happened to be on her way downstairs as Mary crossed the hall, saw the offering she was not at all grateful.

She said that a lot of dahlias ranging in color from rich scarlet to flaming yellow looked more like a harvest festival than a funeral, and told Mary to put them where they wouldn't be noticed.

So Mary put them in the garden-hall and went back to Janet.

Please turn to page 22

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





INFANCY. "Little May Teck," who became Queen Mary, hugs her doll.



CHILDHOOD. Princess poses for a Victorian photographer.



GIRLHOOD. With her mother, the Duchess of Teck, and brothers. Earl of Athlone (centre) is still alive.



QUEEN MARY IS EIGHT

The Grand Old Lady of Britain still leads a vigorous life

By BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

The Queen of Hearts of the British people, a familiar daily sight beneath her famous toque and enthroned in a high-backed, crimson Daimler, will have a very special visit from the postman on May 26.

Queen Mary will be eighty years old.

A flood of letters, flowers, parcels, telegrams, cables, postcards from all parts of the Empire will be waiting in her study. Some will be addressed "Mrs. Queen," "Madame Majesty"—even "Mrs. England."

ALL alike will be opened, as usual, by Queen Mary herself—as many as possible before breakfast—starting a few moments after a lady-in-waiting calls her at 7.45, and the Royal hairdresser has tended her fine head of silver-white curls.

She comments quietly on each letter. Each remark reveals another facet to her astounding personality. A note from a humble East End

mother will absorb her—"How sweet of her to think of my birthday!" Or it may be the dignified wishes of a clergyman—"Ah, yes! I remember hearing a sermon of his once. Very lucid."

Let me see—"Her Majesty ponders, going back to the letter—"that must be ten years ago now!"

Her memory is only less remarkable than her almost fabulous life.

Under a strict regime laid down by her mother, the talented, vivacious Duchess of Teck, cousin of Queen Victoria, followed by relent-

less Royal training, "Princess Mary" grew up shy, earnest, and appealingly sincere.

Her family was comparatively poor. Unable to keep up the social burden of Kensington Palace, the whole ground floor of which was presented to the Duchess of Teck, the family moved to the simpler surroundings of "White Lodge," Richmond.

There, Princess Mary met "Eddie" and "Georgie"—Duke of Clarence and Duke of York of Edward VII, used to visit being it in turns to hold her under the trees of Richmond. They adored her.

Tragedy came in her twelfth year, shortly after all had acclaimed the news that Princess May had become engaged to Duke of Clarence, "Eddie," her presumptive to the Throne.

Within a few months he had an influenza epidemic, five days before the wedding date.

Mourning, the British public soled itself with a secret, royal wish. A year later everybody's their delight at its coming.

Princess May had become Queen. To her other childhood sweetheart, George, Duke of York and Gloucester, to King Edward VII, national feeling was summed up in the national Press, which



YACHTING enthusiasts, King George V and Queen Mary on board Royal yacht at Cowes.

FAMILY study in 1909. Back, Princess Mary, Duke of Windsor. Front, from left: Duke of Gloucester, late Duke of Kent, late Prince John, and King George VI.



JUBILEE. Queen Mary is cheered by celebrating crowds.



NURSING the King during his last long illness. He died in 1936, and Edward VIII became King.



ABDICATION of Edward VIII brought great joy to his ageing mother, Queen Mary.



ED. The Princess "May" shortly after her marriage to Prince George.



MARRIED to Prince George, the Princess becomes Duchess of York and Cornwall.



CROWNED QUEEN at 1911 coronation following death of Edward VII in 1910.

ITY THIS WEEK

relief in these mining, decorous... The betrothal is the most appropriate and delicate medicament for the wounded heart, and likely to prove a union happy beyond the common lot." A modest piece of fortune-telling for all the happiness together that enriched the lives of George V and Mary, his devoted wife. Their Australian tour as Duke and Duchess of York and Cornwall was the first great official undertaking the shy young Princess made without guidance. She came and conquered with her shy sincerity. York Cottage, Sandringham, and not Buckingham Palace or Balmoral Castle, is most associated with that part of Queen Mary's life. Five of her children were born there. She made it a placid home, where plain meals were served, and balance, order, and harmony reigned.



FIRST WORLD WAR. A 1915 study of the late King George V and Queen Mary with their sons in the uniforms of World War I—the present King, the late Duke of Kent, Prince Henry (now Duke of Gloucester), and their only daughter, Princess Mary.

Advanced outlook

THE real personality of Queen Mary flowered under the stress of the First World War. She conquered many women Labor leaders hostile to Royalty with her advanced social outlook, down-to-earth sense of justice, and expert knowledge of working-class conditions. Some claimed ruefully that she "put their cause back twenty years." Nothing could reduce the Queen to such abject misery as sordid living conditions. With all Britain, she was shocked by the revelations of squalid labor to the East End of London, and read up every Government Blue Book to investigate every aspect of the scandal. In 1921 Oxford University bestowed on Queen Mary the highest honor in its power. The degree was of Doctor of Civil Law, never before received by a woman. It marked women's winning of equal educational facilities with men. King George V's addresses to Parliament were notable for the number of affectionate references to his "dear wife," on whose counsel he came to lean heavily. She was a meticulous housewife; still keeps her own household books, which are models of good management. Few people know of Queen Mary's role in World War II, when retirement at Badminton, Gloucestershire, became impossible to a woman of her vitality. She set about making the West Country her kingdom. Dauntless as ever, she visited almost every factory and military establishment within 50 miles.

She struck a medal, with the initials "M.R." on one side and "Good Luck" on the other, and presented it as a souvenir to service people, after insisting on giving them a lift in her car along some Gloucestershire road. The chauffeur had orders to stop and pick up trudging soldiers, who were squeezed in the back like sardines with Her Majesty. There was a local fuel shortage, so the Queen—she refuses strongly the name of "Queen Mother"—rounded up troops and did a deal with them. If they would help clear timber which the Duke of Beaufort wanted to replant, the spoils would be divided fifty-fifty.

"O.K., Queen"

SHE took her place at the other end of a two-man saw, directed evacuee children to collect brushwood, called them all by name. "Johnny, your hair needs cutting," she said to one child. "O.K., Queen," said the urchin. Next day he came back, eager for approval, with the "basin-clip." To-day Queen Mary's greatest interest is in child welfare and juvenile delinquency. Queen Mary suffers from no ailment other than an occasional attack of gout.

Even now she walks beautifully, dazzles people meeting her for the first time with the clear beauty of her complexion, which is relieved by very little make-up. Separation from her son, the Duke of Windsor, was a great grief to her. For some time they did not correspond, but now write regularly. Queen Mary thoroughly agrees with Princess Elizabeth's dancing at London restaurants and enjoying herself like a normal English girl. Her doctors are surprised by her energy. "But, Madam," they protest, "you must not stand so much and tire yourself out. You must sit down more!" "Sit down more," says Her Majesty with a wry, sideward grimace to Lady Cynthia Colville, her best friend and lady-in-waiting, "that's just too funny!" Real reason for her objection to sitting down is that she might miss something. The inquiring mind that has disconcerted so many people in high places is still bright and receptive as a child's. And the greatest reward this inquiring mind has brought her in those rich, crowded eighty years that measure her remarkable life is summed in her own words— "I have never been bored in my life."



EIGHTY YEARS OLD on May 26, Londoners warm to glimpses of their familiar, regal "Mrs. England."

BANISH the agony of TIRED ACHING FEET!



Re wonder I always dreaded a day in town! Walking on the crowded pavements was sheer agony—my poor feet were swollen and inflamed in no time.



So I tried Rexona. That night after bathing my feet, I massaged them all over with that cool, soothing ointment. It was amazing how quickly the dreadful pain disappeared.

At the hairdresser's I was thankful to get my shoes off. "Why don't you try Rexona Ointment?" said Miss Jones. "It does wonders for me, and I'm on my feet all day!"

Now I thoroughly enjoy a day in town with my friends! A little Rexona rubbed into my feet each morning keeps them cool and comfortable the whole day long.

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona

1/6 OINTMENT

A JAR (City & Suburbs)
Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

(G. 23.1)

MISSSED RADIO-QUIZ

QUESTION

BUT FOUND THE

ANSWER



GOSH! NO BOY FRIENDS TO TAKE ME NOW! I CAN'T EVEN GET A GIRL TO GO WITH!



AT THE RADIO PROGRAMME

HOW ABOUT YOU, YOUNG LADY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY FOR A PRIZE?

WHY, ER, YES! I'D LOVE TO



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NO MORE "B.O." FOR ME! I'M USING LIFEBUOY FROM NOW ON. LIFEBUOY, WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT GIVES BOTH LASTING AND ALL-OVER PROTECTION



A FEW WEEKS LATER

JEAN DARLING, I COULD SAIL ON LIKE THIS FOREVER

TO HERSELF I WAS NEVER SO POPULAR BEFORE I CHANGED TO LIFEBUOY

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 19

in a saucepan, because I need hardly tell you, my dear, that I discovered the other kettle had a hole in it and she'd never told me!

She paused for a moment, evidently pondering this disaster.

"I'm afraid Father had to wait for his breakfast," she went on, "and he particularly wanted it at a quarter to eight, so that he could be at the office early. And Alan never came home to supper last night, and when I asked him this morning what he'd been doing, he simply bit my head off! So what with Father being cross, and Alan worse, I've had an awful time."

She burst into tears, and Mary had considerable difficulty in soothing her. When she had at last succeeded, and had also managed to persuade her to go home by the garden way, in order to escape any reporter who might be lurking by the front gates, she discovered that Robert Steel had arrived, and was waiting to speak to her before presenting himself to Ermytrude.

She took him at once into the library, and shut the door.

"There's something I've got to tell you, Robert," she said.

"You told me last night," he replied. "That butler of yours heard what I said to you yesterday. I've already had a visit from the police."

"Robert, I'm awfully sorry! What I didn't tell you yesterday was that I'm afraid I rather gave it away, too. When the inspector asked me point-blank about it, I didn't know what to say, and probably made it all sound much worse than it really was."

"You needn't worry," he said

calmly. "I'm not making any secret of the fact that I'm glad Carter's dead. But how I can be supposed to have had a hand in it I fail to see."

"Where were you when it happened?"

"On the farm."

"Can you prove it? Was anyone with you?"

"Old Jefferson was somewhere around. He wasn't actually with me, but it doesn't matter a tinker's curse anyway. I'm in no danger of being arrested."

"But, Robert, are you sure? Everyone knows how you feel about Aunt Ermy, and I'm positive the inspector's awfully suspicious."

"He can be as suspicious as he likes, but it'll puzzle him to pin Carter's murder on me. How am I supposed to have known that Carter would be on that bridge at five minutes to five? I didn't even know he was going to tea at White's place. Look here, I didn't come here to discuss that. I want to know how Ermytrude is."

"She's all right. Did the inspector seem satisfied?"

"Can't say; I didn't ask him. Has that fellow gone yet?"

"No," replied Mary, correctly guessing the identity of the fellow. "He isn't going until all this has been cleared up."

"Do you mean the police have refused to let him go?"

"I don't think so. Aunt Ermy asked him if he would stay."

The muscles about his jaw seemed to harden. "I get it. Can I see Ermytrude?"

"Yes, I expect she'll be very glad to see you," replied Mary. "Only if it's all the same to you, I'd rather you didn't pick a quarrel with the Prince. We've got enough to contend with already."

"Don't be a fool!" said Steel shortly. He looked frowningly down at her. "What was this precious Prince doing when Carter was shot?"

"He was at Dr. Chester's house." "Seems to me the police might look into his movements before badgering me. I suppose the truth is that the case is beyond their capabilities."

This, though merely a remark occasioned by annoyance, was the conclusion Inspector Cook had rather despairingly reached. He had come away from Greystanes with enough evidence to make him feel hopeful of a speedy result to his investigations, but quiet study of this evidence, coupled with several conflicting circumstances, had shaken his confidence.

He was a zealous officer, and he had lost no time in interrogating Percy Baker. He guessed Baker would leave Priton on Sunday evening, or very early on Monday morning, since he worked at the larger manufacturing town of Burnside, some twenty miles away; and he forwent his supper in order to catch this important witness.

Miss Gladys Baker was easily located. She lived with her widowed mother, in one of the back streets of Priton. When the inspector arrived at the house, she and her mother and brother were sitting down to supper, in company with Mrs. Baker's lodger, an earnest young man who worked in Jones' store.

Leaving the others to their meal, Percy Baker took the inspector into the front room, a neat apartment smelling strongly of musk, and decorated with red plush, aspidistra, and pampas grass, and asked him belligerently what he wanted.

He was a good looking young man, but rather spoiled by the pugnacious expression he habitually wore; and it soon became apparent to the inspector that in his different way he was quite as dramatically inclined as Ermytrude Carter.

When asked what he had been doing that afternoon, he countered by demanding what his movements had got to do with the police; and when told never to mind about that, he plunged into a dark and somewhat involved diatribe against the police, whom he called minions of the bourgeoisie.

FINALLY, the inspector managed to elicit from him the admission that he had been out on his motor-cycle.

"Out on your motor-bike, were you? Take anyone with you?"

Baker looked suspiciously at him. "What are you getting at?"

"You answer my question, and never mind what I'm getting at. Come on, now! Took your young lady, I dare say, pillion-riding?"

"I've got no time for young ladies," Baker sneered. "Think I'd get married, with the world the way it is? Marriage is for the rich, and a man who—"

"All right, I don't want to hear about that. Had you anyone with you, or hadn't you?"

"No," said Baker sulkily. "Where did you go?"

"What's that got to do with you?"

"You take it from me, my lad, it's got a lot to do with me. What's more, you're doing yourself no good by refusing to answer my questions."

"Don't think you can come brow-beating me!" said Baker. "The day will come when your kind will be in the gutter, where you'd like to trample the Workers of the World under your feet!"

"One of that sort, are you?" said the inspector. "Now, you answer me quick, or I'll ask you to come along to the police station!"

"One law for the rich and another for the poor!" said Baker bitterly. "I went for a run to try out a new bike, since you want to know. I took her to Kershaw and back. So what?"

"Kershaw, eh? Went through Stihurst village, didn't you? Must have passed by Mrs. Carter's place, Greystanes," said the inspector conversationally.

Baker's fists clenched. "What are you getting at?"

"Don't you take that tone with me, my lad!" said the inspector. "I know you went out to Greystanes twice yesterday to see Mr. Carter. What did you want with him, eh?"

"If you know I went twice to see him, you ought to know that too! Go and ask him if you don't!"

"Very clever, but it won't wash," said the inspector. "You'd better come clean. You went to Greystanes to blackmail Mr. Carter for five hundred pounds, didn't you?"

The effect of this accusation was not quite what Cook had expected. Baker's jaw dropped. He repeated in a dazed voice: "Five hundred pounds?"

"Well? Didn't you?"

"Five—hundred—pounds?" said Baker again. "What do you take me for? Here, I've had enough of your insults! You clear out of this! Five hundred pounds, my foot! I suppose that's what he told you. Well, you can tell him from me that he's a liar! And if you think—"

"Careful, now! Are you denying that you went to Greystanes to get money out of Mr. Carter?"

"I never mentioned five hundred pounds or anything like it! But he's got to help her or I'll know the reason why!"

"Leaving alone, for the moment, how much you tried to get out of him," said the inspector, looking very hard at him, "would it surprise you to learn that Mr. Carter was shot dead at five minutes to five this afternoon?"

"Shot dead?" Baker said numbly. "I didn't do it. I don't know a thing about it!"

That was all the inspector had managed to get out of Percy Baker, and it left him profoundly dissatisfied, for he could not quite bring himself to believe that the young man was acting a part. Nor did he believe that Baker had been acting when he so hotly denied having demanded five hundred pounds from Carter.

It began to seem to the inspector as though the murdered man's relations were playing some deep game and had not scrupled to entangle Baker in its meshes. It might, he reflected, prove to be a difficult task for Baker to refute the accusation of blackmail.

To be continued

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PL 21.27

Target: Treason Continued from page 5

AUTOMATICALLY Ralph put the girl's coat across her shoulders and started for the door. Outside, in the back seat of Bryant's staff car, he found that she was holding tightly to his arm, with both hands, and her face was averted. He believed she was either crying, or soon would be, and he put his arm around her, and he could feel the quick intake of breath of her silent sobs. Suddenly she relaxed.

"I'm all right now," she said. "It's just that I knew—I had this premonition."

Sitting beside the driver as they rolled toward Friedenau, Bryant related what the M.P.s knew. It wasn't much. The woman had been strangled. She had been found an hour earlier in her one-room apartment on Schillingstrasse. They were holding two witnesses: the woman who owned the house, and the manager of the Femina Club. Anya Krynova had been identified by her ration card, letters, and photographs. The identification had been verified by Oscar Klaus, the Femina manager.

"Klaus," Bryant explained, "is pretty reliable. He's politically all right, which is why we let him keep open."

They turned into Schillingstrasse, and pulled up behind an Army ambulance and a string of military police cars. There had been fighting in this street, and most of the houses were gutted, their charred walls jagged and uneven. One three-story house stood intact, except for a single shell hole punched through its walls, and boards where much of the window glass should have been. Before this house the M.P.s stood guard.

They got out of the sedan. Ralph looked at Bobby. "You'd better wait here."

"No," she said. "I'm going in."

They walked up the stone steps, and then climbed two flights of stairs. Holmes, a lieutenant of M.P.s, and a captain in the Medical Corps whom Ralph did not recognise met them at the top landing. "In here," Holmes said, and led them through a tiny dinette and kitchen and into a large front room.

There was a studio couch, covered with rose-colored silk. There were a dozen photographs and a few good sketches on the walls. All showed the same woman, tall and graceful, perhaps beautiful.

It would have been a cheerful room, except for the body that lay on the floor beside an overturned chair. In the room there was a heavy fragrance, and a pool of perfume surrounded shattered glass near her left hand.

Ralph crouched beside the body. Bobby stood beside him, staring down as though hypnotised at the figure on the floor. Ralph flashed her a quick, comforting glance.

"Your premonition was certainly right," he said grimly, his eyes returning to study the figure on the floor.

Anya Krynova was in her middle thirties, he guessed. Across her throat there was a heavy line, red in the centre, purpling on each side like a multi-colored cord.

"Apparently someone strangled her," the Medical Corps captain said, coming forward. "Looks a professional job, too."

"Did you find a cord or anything?" Ralph asked.

"No." Ralph rose, his face set in concentration. He noted the general disarray, the half-opened bureau drawers, and, finally, the big leather-covered albums on the table.

The albums were filled with pictures; they represented a photographic history of Anya Krynova from the time she entered the Warsaw Ballet at the age of sixteen. They told of engagements in Prague, Paris, London, Buenos Aires, and Istanbul. The pictures were arranged chronologically. A number of men appeared and then vanished, to be supplanted by pictures of other men. But, starting in 1933, photographs were missing from the albums—cut and torn away.

Under one missing snapshot was a thin, pencilled caption in Krynova's square, artificial hand: "Anya and Albert, Excelsior, Rome, '40."

Ralph rose to his feet, his mind racing. "I want to talk to Klaus and the landlady," he told Holmes. Klaus, round, bald, and unfrightened, was frankly eager to tell his story. Krynova was an old friend. She had danced at his club before—well, before Hitler. Anya was in Stettin when her house was destroyed. A month ago she had returned to Berlin.

"At first she was anxious to dance for me," Klaus said. "Then she became afraid. She said she had 'seen someone.' But she wouldn't tell me who."

"Go on," Ralph commanded. "I told her that if there was anyone of whom she was afraid she should report it to the authorities. She would be protected. She said it

Ralph said, "That's all then. You can release Klaus and the woman."

Turner and McMahon were already present in Colonel Partridge's suite in the Kaiserhof Inn when Ralph entered with Bobby.

McMahon and Turner appeared nervous and taut, but Partridge outwardly seemed unperturbed. That his secretary should have been attending a murder didn't appear to surprise him at all.

"Do you know who killed this woman, Nichols?" he asked shortly.

"Yes," Ralph said slowly. "I know. Nobody said anything, and he continued, 'Albert Morrell killed her.' He hesitated and went on, 'I've got to start at the beginning, because I've got to reconstruct it completely in my own mind.'"

"If you were a traitor, trapped on a continent where most of your countrymen were in uniform, where would be the safest place to hide? Naturally, in the Army. As the Russians approached Berlin from the east, Morrell made his plans. He had access to our uniforms. Remember that he coached the Wehrmacht on infiltration in the Ardennes. And remember that he could create forged credentials and papers."

"So Morrell created a new personality for himself. And when the Russians came, he moved out of Berlin towards the Elbe River, until he was overrun by our combat units. Later he came back to Berlin, still in Army uniform."

"Logical so far," Colonel Partridge said. "But how could Morrell keep up this deception?"

"Simple," said Ralph. "He couldn't claim to belong to any particular unit, but he could claim to be attached to some high headquarters — the higher the better. He had to be a man on a special mission. He knew, as the war neared its end, that we had many special missions operating with the combat troops. There were task forces to dig out Nazi scientists, round up war criminals, and so on."

McMahon broke in: "He couldn't get away with it forever. He'd get trapped. Even supposing his orders are in shape, his credentials perfect, and nobody suspects him. He wouldn't get any mail; and he wouldn't be sending any letters."

"Yes," Ralph agreed, "but who's going to check on that?"

Bobby stirred. Her eyes went wide, and she opened her mouth as if to speak.

"It's the funniest thing," she said. "The very funniest thing!"

"What?"

"I've got to check on it," she said, rising. "I've got to be sure." She picked up her coat, opened the door, and was gone.

"What's the matter with that girl?" Partridge demanded. "Where's she going?"

"I don't know," Ralph said. "Of course, the woman was afraid of Morrell," said Partridge. "But what makes you so sure that it was Morrell, posing as an Army officer, who killed her?"

Ralph told of the man in the greatcoat, and of the albums with photographs torn from their pages, and he recalled Bobby's reconstruction of the letter to the general.

"When Morrell heard she was in the city, he was certain she would expose him," he said, "so he strangled her. And—this is the important thing—he was afraid he would be recognised through the pictures in her albums, and so he tore out every picture of himself."

Please turn to page 26

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 24, 1947



"No, Alfred, I never beat them. They are trained entirely by kindness."

was not so easy. What she had seen would not be believed.

"So what happened?"

"Always she remained here in this house. Finally she sent word that she had written a letter that she believed would help her, and that she would dance at the Femina to-night. That was why I came to call on her—to be certain she would appear."

"So you found her?"

"Yes, I found her so."

"Do you know Albert Morrell?" Klaus shook his head. "Nobody," he said, "knows Albert Morrell—except her. Poor girl, she knew him. He was—what do you say?—a snake."

Ralph grunted. "I'll see the landlady now," he said.

Frau Knauth, who owned the house, dabbed at her eyes. Anya Krynova, she said, had been such a good one for the top floor. No men did she receive, ever, except to-day. Just after noon he had come, and he had remained an hour.

"Do you know who he was? Could you identify him?" Ralph asked.

"No. He wore a greatcoat like that," she indicated Captain Bryant—"only the collar was turned up so the face could not be seen."

Ralph turned to Klaus. "Besides you," he demanded, "who knew that Krynova lived here?"

"I do not know," Klaus said. "Perhaps nobody. There was the man who telephoned this morning and asked her address."

An M.P. entered the room and said: "Captain Nichols, we just received a message. You are to report to Colonel Partridge, at the hotel, as soon as possible."



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COPING WITH GOOD-LOOKS PROBLEMS

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

In this week's batch of questions and answers we have some interesting and rather out-of-the-ordinary queries.

Because it would be impossible for me to answer all your letters direct I make a selection of inquiries as varied as possible, hoping that among the answers you will find helpful advice.

DISCUSSION touches on a pair of sparkling eyes... health of the hair... "goose" bumps on arms and legs... a too obvious nose and chin.

Q—My greatest problem is the appearance of my eyes; I have rather narrow eyes, and they do not seem to sparkle or show up at all. Is there any possible thing I can do to brighten my eyes?—F.L.

A—Brightness of the eyes is closely related to the foods you eat, and perhaps no substance makes the eyes so sparkingly healthy as Vitamin A, found in green and yellow vegetables, fruits, liver, and fish-liver oils. When there is a lack of this vitamin less moisture flows over the eyes. So first look to your diet, then to adequate sleep and absence of strain.

Q—I wonder if you could advise me just what I could do for my skin. My legs and arms, particularly the legs, have permanent goose-flesh, which is quite unsightly.—M.M.

A—Goose-flesh is usually due to poor circulation. Treat the problem locally by vigorous friction daily in the bath. With a sturdy facecloth or flannel or a soft-bristled nailbrush soaped well scrub until the skin tingles and the blood comes to the surface. Not, of course, to the point of tenderness. Dry thoroughly

and massage into the area a little olive oil or baby oil, or even skin food to smooth the skin. Select one or two good leg exercises for additional stirring up; a good brisk walk daily will also help.

Q—I wonder if you could help me with my problem? I have a very big nose, which is also very broad on top. Besides this, it always seems to be red. Please tell me a way to make it look smaller and not so broad, and how to get rid of the redness.—"Worried Sixteen."

A—First of all, a red nose can be due to either indigestion or poor circulation. If you think it might be the former, carefully check your diet, try to eat more slowly, and eat your meals dry, taking liquid between times. Step up poor circulation, get more outdoor exercise, and also do some brisk morning set-ups. Stimulate circulation locally with hot and cold compresses. Like this:—Have two basins of water—one hot and the other cold—each with a flannel or facecloth. Hold each flannel alternately to your nose for several seconds, repeating the process six or eight times. The temperature extremes cause blood to flow freely again, with good results.

At 16 you are a bit young to indulge in the technicalities of make-up, but since you wish to create a definite illusion and play down the contours of your nose you will



IF you would like my advice on your beauty problems, write to me. The address is at the top of page 9.

CAROLYN EARLE.

need two lots of foundation and face powder—one set matched to your skin tone, the other a shade darker. Cream or pancake, as you wish; starting with the darker one, apply it from between the eyes over and right down the sides of your nose, and right over the tip, too, if your nose is long. Mist all edges away, and cover with toning powder. The rest of your face will be given the skin toning foundation.

Q—Could you tell me, please, the most suitable diet for one's hair?—B.L.

A—The bloodstream is the means by which we either nourish or starve the hair, and the quality of the hair is a direct reflection on the quality of the health. The external measures—washing, brushing, massaging, etc.—help only when essential dietary elements are supplied for

internal nourishment. Among the minerals, iodine, silicon, calcium, sulphur are helpful. On the vitamin chart are general B complex foods good for the purpose, such as whole grain, wholewheat flour, oatmeal, brown rice, milk, eggs, lean meat, fish, fruit, fresh vegetables, nuts, and cane molasses.

Q—I am starting to get a double chin; is there any exercise I could do for it?—R.R.

A—As we creep past the 28 mark it takes more than good head carriage to keep a youthful throat-line, so try the following exercise: 1. Tip your chin in the air, and as you tense the muscles of the throat and jaw, draw your lower jaw up—hard. Chew about 10 times. Relax. 2. Now circle your head. Tense throat muscles, turn your head until you are looking over one shoulder, and tip your chin in the air as you circle round to the other shoulder. Always circle slowly; otherwise you'll get dizzy. Repeat 3 times. 3. This time be a little firmer with yourself. Cup your chin in your hand and push with the hand and resist with the throat muscles as you force your head backwards. Reverse it. Push forward with the chin and resist with the hand as you bring the head level.

Q—I am worried because my hair is falling out at an alarming rate, not only long hairs, but quite a few that are not as thick long. It is obviously thin now. Do women go bald?—"Narellan."

A—Women can go bald, of course, but there are quite a few things you can do before fearing anything of that sort. Loss of hair takes different forms. For instance, sometimes it is the result of illness, due to old age or inherited baldness, and so on. All types are caused by internal conditions, and this disorder of skin, blood, or nerve power should be treated by a physician, who will prescribe the proper treatment after making a diagnosis.

Target: Treason

Continued from page 24

YAWNING, Major Turner picked up his coat, tossed it over his arm, and left.

"Of course, the photographs are the clue," the colonel admitted, "but who would recognise him from a photograph?"

"Anybody," Ralph answered, "who might see the photographs and say, 'I know that man!' Perhaps Holmes, the M.P., perhaps Bryant, perhaps you, perhaps me."

"That seems sound enough," Partridge said. "I'm pretty sure you're right. But where's Mr. Morrell?"

Ralph looked around the room. He wondered why Bobby had left in such a hurry, wondered why Turner had so suddenly been taken asleep. He remembered Turner's abrupt gesture as he took up his greatcoat, and he was out the door while the Colonel was speaking.

The guard in the driveway said two cars had gone out.

Ralph swung himself into his tiny car, and whipped it toward Group Control. He parked it before the front gates of the one-time Luftwaffe barracks, ran inside, and paused for a moment to examine the night registry. There was one notation: "Lt. Lester, 13.53."

"Anybody go up after Lester?" he asked the guard.

"One officer," the man said. "Said he'd only be a minute, and it wasn't necessary to sign."

Down the hall the lights were burning in Partridge's office, but both the outer and inner offices were empty. The file cases near Bobby's desk were unlocked, and the desk itself was open. Ralph ran up the stairs to the third floor. There was a light in Turner's office.

Turner and the girl stood opposite each other across a desk, like an aggressive bulldog and a frightened kitten.

"I found this woman," Turner said, "going through my desk!"

Bobby took a deep breath. "He doesn't get any letters," she said, "and he doesn't send any, and he doesn't get any telegrams, and he doesn't send any, and he doesn't

even draw any pay. I checked up."

"What are you talking about?" Turner asked. "My business is secret! This little fool—"

Ralph made a sudden dive at the greatcoat that Turner had dropped on a chair. His hand slid into a pocket and brought out a neatly coiled length of piano wire, with leather handles efficiently woven to each end. He was staring at the wire, fascinated, when Turner leaped.

Ralph stepped forward instead of back, lifted his knee in the dead-end trick of infighting, and Turner went to the floor, writhing.

"Bobby," Ralph said, "I think you'd better go and get the guard."

Ralph was fifteen minutes early for the Monday morning conference. He stopped before the desk with the sign that said "Roberta Lester, 2nd Lt.," leaned over and kissed the end of her nose.

"Don't you do that!" she commanded, rising. "Not here!"

"Who cares? We'll be away from here soon, and we'll burn our uniforms, and spend all the rest of our lives in shorts. We'll go fishing every morning and sailing every afternoon. We'll—"

"But, Ralph," she interrupted. "I've only just been sent here, and I can't leave—not for at least a year!"

"Oh," he said. "Ohhh!"

On this Monday morning Colonel Partridge was pleased. The sun was shining. It was reasonably warm, the grass was sprouting in the Tiergarten, and Albert Morrell would soon be dead. There was, however, the puzzling matter of Ralph Nicholls.

For some reason, Captain Nicholls, who on Saturday was screaming to go home, on Monday wished to remain in Berlin.

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F4660.—You'll sparkle in this fresh-as-a-daisy dress for warmer days. Or made with straight revers, and in heavier material, you can wear it in wintry weather. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. material. Pattern, 1/8.

F4661.—Frock for the tall sophisticate, with chic hipline gathering and pencil-skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4662.—Dirndl-like frock for the teenage charmer. Invaluable for office and week-end wear, especially if made in a serviceable material and color. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. material. Pattern, 1/8.

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"ISOBEL"—FOR THE CAREER GIRL
This charming blouse is a "must" for your wardrobe. It is ready for you to wear (or cut out ready for you to make up), in colored, striped, or checked. The tie, neckband, yoke, and center front panel feature stripes running in contrasting directions. Colors: White with brown, grey, blue candy stripes. White with maize, brown, and orange. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 24/11 (6 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 27/6 (6 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 12/11 (6 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 19/11 (6 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.

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This useful blouse will team up with all your recreation skirts and shorts. It is ready for you to wear (or cut out ready for you to make up), in a colored, striped blouse. The neck turned-down collar, yoke, and front band lend chic as well as comfort to the blouse. It is in colors of white with brown, grey, blue candy stripes. White with brown, grey, and old gold. White with brown, maize, and orange.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 24/11 (6 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 27/6 (6 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 12/11 (6 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 19/11 (6 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

INFANTS' BIBS

No. 856.—Three of the cutest bibs for baby with a goldfish, bluebird, or fantail pigeon motif. They'll make her look forward to mealtime. They are traced ready for you to work on absorbent cotton material which is already bound with pink. Price 1/13 each. Postage 1½d extra.

N.B.—WHEN ORDERING, PLEASE STATE SECOND COLOR CHOICE.

857

BANDED PANTIES FOR ADULTS

No. 857.—These useful panties are traced ready for you to cut out and make up in good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in lovely shades of pale pink, pale blue, nil-green, and chalk-white. Sizes 36 to 38in. hips, price 12/11 (2 coupons); 40 to 42in. hips, 15/6 (2 coupons). Postage, 6½d extra.

BRIGHT MORNING SET

No. 858.—Colorful traycloth and cozy (traced ready for you to make and embroider in good British cotton, in shades of lemon, pink, blue, and white).
Traycloth: Price 2/6, Postage 2½d extra. Tea Cozy: 2/11, Postage 2½d extra. Full Set: 5/1. Postage 3½d extra.

858

Special Concession Pattern (above)

TWO EXQUISITE COLLARS AND ONE COLLAR AND CUFF SET—MEDIUM SIZE

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Lift Depression! Throw off Fatigue!

'ZANS' APC

-a friend in need to all in PAIN!

SENSATIONAL NEW APC BACKED BY £1000 CHALLENGE!

Nothing can undermine your good looks as quickly as pain. Nothing can banish pain as **quickly**—as **surely**—as 'ZANS', the **sensational new APC!** Women everywhere are enthusiastic about 'ZANS' APC—they say it **NEVER FAILS!**

Here is the reason:—

First of all, what is APC? APC is the most widely used treatment for relief of pain in our hospitals. It consists of three powerful world-famous medicines—AC. ACETYSAL, PHENACETIN and CAFFEINE—combined in a formula recognised to be the most effective. Ac. acetylsal and phenacetin are powerful pain relievers, each working in a different way; inclusion of both means **DOUBLE ACTION!** Caffeine acts in a stimulating manner—throws off the depressed, dull feeling usually associated with pain. If the three ingredients in APC are not in their correct proportions the effectiveness of the APC is impaired. Also, if the dose is not correctly measured it can mean a harmful overdose or a weak dose of little or no value—a waste of money and no result! **ABSOLUTE ACCURACY** is essential!

It is claimed that there is no more accurately prepared APC in Australia than 'ZANS'. The **ABSOLUTE ACCURACY OF 'ZANS' APC PREPARATION** is your assurance of **QUICK RESULTS**—and **SAFETY!** Be ready with 'ZANS' next time you suffer pain!

'ZANS' is the quickest way to stop pains and headaches. It begins to act at once. 'ZANS' lifts depression; in its place comes a feeling of well-being and confidence once again. 'ZANS' acts in a soothing manner—there are no harmful or unpleasant after-effects.

£1,000 CHALLENGE:—APC cannot be fully effective unless it is accurately prepared. The manufacturers of 'Zans' APC claim that no APC in Australia is prepared with greater accuracy. They will donate £1,000 to any charitable institution if this can be disproved.

You can take 'ZANS' APC 3 ways



'ZANS' is made in tablet form primarily because tablets (made the 'ZANS' way) are the surest way of avoiding incorrect medicinal dosage. But the tablet is also the modern way—the most convenient way—of taking APC. However, if preferred, 'ZANS' may be crushed and taken in powder form. 'ZANS' also makes an excellent APC mixture—2 tablets mixed in a tablespoonful of water produce a liquid APC of identical therapeutic strength with that specified in leading public hospitals.

Why 'ZANS' is a Quicker APC

'ZANS' ingredients are the purest it is possible to obtain. Immediately you take 'ZANS' APC, disintegration and rapid absorption by the body commence. This, combined with extreme accuracy of preparation, gives **MAXIMUM SPEED** and **FULL EFFECT.**

'ZANS' is Full Hospital Strength

'ZANS' APC is prepared to a formula laid down by the British Pharmaceutical Codex and used in public hospitals. Many big public hospitals specify 'ZANS' APC.

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This is WHY we can make this CHALLENGE!

Here are the two vitally important reasons WHY we are able to claim 'ZANS' APC is prepared to such a degree of accuracy—the precision **TABLET MAKING MACHINE** and the **SENSITIVE ANALYTICAL BALANCE** shown at right. The 'ZANS' **TABLET MAKING MACHINE**, embodying the most advanced ideas in the world for accuracy in tablet making, does away completely with the uncertain human element. In brief, it means that a dose of 'ZANS' APC is measured with absolute precision. The **ANALYTICAL BALANCE** used in conjunction with the tablet making machine has a sensitivity of one tenth of a thousandth part of a gramme; it will even register the almost infinitesimal weight of the ink used in writing a few words on a piece of paper.

PLAY SAFE, GET 'ZANS' next time you buy APC.



The highly sensitive Analytical Balance. Registers to 1/10,000 part of a gramme.

Quicker Relief from

HEADACHES

- NEURITIS
- RHEUMATISM
- NERVINESS
- SLEEPLESSNESS
- COLDS
- INFLUENZA

- PERIODIC PAINS
- NERVE PAINS
- SCIATICA
- IRRITABILITY
- LASSITUDE
- After Effects of CONVIVIALITY

3^d & 1st PKT

WORKS OUT AT A PENNY A DOSE

Nicholas Product

21/27

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

Many young girls write to me complaining that their parents place restrictions on their outings.

Some mothers and fathers adopt a Victorian attitude in this matter, but it seems to me the majority are quite reasonable.

PARENTS, I think rightly, object to girls in their early teens going out, alone with boy-friends, and they insist on slightly older daughters being home by a certain hour. A number of 15 and 16-year-olds have written in high indignation on this subject.

Here is one of the letters:

"My parents and I are continually at loggerheads about my going out at night. I am 17. I can't see what all the fuss is about, and tell them they are old-fashioned."

I think the ideal arrangement is for girls of your age to go out with a group of young people approved by your parents, to dances, the pictures, or one another's homes.

It is quite unnecessary to go about in twosomes. If you and one particular boy are attracted to each other, then you can go about together in the same group until you get to know each other really well. When you are a year or so older will be time enough to think of dates for two.

In a few years you will probably be leaving your parents to make your own home, so enjoy their company and give them the very real pleasure of yours while you can do so.

"I AM 22 and for the past 15 months have been going 'steady' with a girl of 18. I am very fond

of this girl and contented in her company. Neither of us is jealous if the other goes out with someone else. But we are worried about ourselves. We both want to marry and settle down, but although we've discussed the position we can't be sure that we are in love. Do you think we are, and that we are just unemotional types?"

That is a query no third person can answer fully. You are both young and may be emotionally immature, and I would advise you to wait until you are both more certain of your feelings.

You seem quite happy in each other's company, and you may feel more strongly later.

On the other hand, it is possible that when you do experience strong emotion it may be for someone else.

Wait and see seems the only course.

"I HAVE been married five years to a man now 34 years of age. Although as yet we have no children and there is nothing to keep us at home, he will not move out of the house for entertainment. We visit no one and we have no one to visit us. Neither of us was a 'gadabout' before we were married, but this situation is getting on my nerves, and I feel I must go out without him, although I do not like doing that."

Men who have interest and variety in their work frequently fall

to realise the necessity for their wives to go out of the house and home circle for pleasure occasionally.

If you have put your point of view to your husband, you must go out without him, but be careful that you do so with his full knowledge, and with women friends.

Accept entertainment from women friends and ask them to your home. In time you might be able to arrange a home party in the evening, and so get your husband into the way of entertaining.

Make a point of seeing a picture with a woman friend once a week or so.

Your difficulty is the opposite one to most encountered by married women, and although irritating and nerve-racking, it should not be insoluble.

"I AM being married in September. Is it possible to have the ceremony in the church, the manse, or at my own home with only the matron of honor, best man, and my father present, and to invite about 40 guests to a reception afterwards? How could I word the invitation?"

Where the ceremony is to take place—in a church, manse, or your home—is a matter for your own preference and the willingness of the clergyman you have chosen to officiate.

It is quite permissible to ask only the members of the bridal party and parents of the bride and bridegroom to the ceremony and other friends to a reception afterwards. In this case the invitation should begin:

"Mr. and Mrs. request the pleasure of the company of at a reception at following the marriage of their daughter."

"I HAVE two very dear men friends who tell me they are in love with me. I am not sure

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 498WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

She will deal with letters only and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

how I feel towards them in that respect, because, even at 21, I want to be free to go out with whom I fancy. Now my boy-friend is coming back home and wishes me to become engaged to him, but I don't want to as we knew each other only for a week before he sailed and he is younger than I am. Please, what am I to do?"

Feeling as you do, I think that you would be foolish to consider marriage with either of your two friends here. Were you in love with either of them you would not couple them together, nor be worrying about your freedom to go out with whom you fancy. As for your boy-friend, a week's acquaintance is rarely sufficient when choosing a life partner.

Continue to enjoy the companionship of all your friends until you are certain that one of them—or some other—is the right one.

GIBBS-KIDS KORNER

Is Carol your Heroine?

Carol is a golden-haired Radio Star. She has thrilled a million listeners from coast to coast. Would you like to be like Carol when you grow up?

Pretty little Carol often sang in the children's hour. At 16 she had her first big chance.

Just see that lovely smile! Carol, tell us how you keep your teeth so bright. New Carol's Bashing beauty and lovely voice have won a screen test.

RIGHT SINCE MY FIRST HIGH-C, I'VE CARED FOR MY TEETH WITH GIBBS. IT KEEPS THEM SHINING! STOPS OLD MAN DECAY. I LOVE THE ANISEED FLAVOUR, TOO.

MOTHERS: Let this story teach your youngsters tooth-care. Gibbs is the most economical dentifrice you can buy. No waste—swell taste! And only 1/3 for a refill.

G 41.12

"**B**ERYL, you've got to believe me. I didn't Ron Vincent give you my message last night?"

"What message? I didn't see Ron Vincent."

"Before we left, I had a good look round for you, but I couldn't find you anywhere. I told Ron to tell you I'd gone to keep Eric company on the way back, and—"

"And Miss twin thing company on the way there."

"He said he'd tell you. Didn't he?"

"I didn't see him. But one of the girls had seen you driving off in the car in the back seat with Miss What's-her-name."

"Miss Learmonth. Betty Learmonth."

"All right, talk about her if you must. But I'm afraid I can't go on listening any longer. My time is val—"

"Oh, gosh, Beryl, don't be like that! I'm sorry about the whole business. And I've been trying to ring you all day to tell you that—"

"I would have thought that you would have thought up a better excuse than the one you've given. It's about the feeblest—"

"It's honest, honey. Eric had a blowout, so help me. You can come and see the mess I got my good suit into, helping him change the wheel."

"I thought you were trying to ring me up!"

"That was later."

"You fixed the car first?"

"I had to help him get the wheel off."

"I see."

"Don't—don't sound so aloof. I couldn't help what happened. So don't take it badly; just be like you always are."

"Oh, of course! I feel just like I always do. I feel splendid. Who wouldn't? It's great to be taken to a dance, to slip away for a moment, and then to come back and be told that your escort has driven off with some other woman. It makes you feel positively—"

"If you knew how I felt about not being able to take you home last

Telephone Piece

Continued from page 7

night you wouldn't mind what happened. I wouldn't have even looked at another girl last night. You looked far better than any—"

"Don't give me that, please, don't! If I can't get away for about ten minutes without coming back and finding you lost, and then being told that you'd driven off with—"

"But I looked for you before I left. Where had you got to?"

"I—What did you say?"

"Where were you when I couldn't find you?"

"Oh, I—A few of us drove round to see Anita's glory box. That's all."

"What did you say?"

"Where were you when I couldn't find you?"

"Oh, I—A few of us drove round to see Anita's glory box. That's all."

"What did you say?"

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"Oh, I—A few of us drove round to see Anita's glory box. That's all."

"What did you say?"

"Where were you when I couldn't find you?"

"Drove round! In whose car?"

"Don't Watson's. Why?"

"Did you sit in the back seat?"

"Of course not. Anita wanted to sit with Leon. Wouldn't you?"

"Which meant that you had to sit in the front seat with Don What's-his-name?"

"If you think—"

"No, I don't. Only you could have told me before."

"You were dancing and I didn't want to interrupt the dance. I knew we wouldn't be gone long. Anita's place wasn't far."

"Wasn't it?"

"No . . . not far at all."

"I see . . . I'm just trying to think if I know this chap Watson."

"Oh, he's nothing, darling. We just took him along because we had to have a car, see. Anita wanted me to see her box. It was beautiful. I was so glad."

"I think I know him."

"Who?"

"That Watson chap."

"Oh, forget about him. He—surely you didn't think that he could come betw— I mean—darling, you didn't really believe that I'd—you didn't care that I went, did you?"

"Of course not, darling. And you didn't mind that I—"

"No, of course I didn't care. I'm not like that. I knew you wouldn't leave me on purpose. I understand that all right."

"I'm glad you understand."

"Of course I understand. We always understand each other, don't we?"

"Yes, of course . . . Well, if you're in a hurry to get away—"

"Not a bit. I'm not in any hurry."

"That's good. I thought you said you were busy."

"No, I didn't say that exactly. You must have misunderstood me."

"Yes, I must have. I must have misunderstood you."

(Copyright)

★ The Dressmaker SAID "Yes madam—it-er-suits you perfectly..."

★ But she MEANT "Even a French Model couldn't make you glamorous with that blotchy skin!"

Clear away skin faults and make your complexion beautiful with

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP

Don't think that lovely clothes can make up for a blotchy complexion! It's easy to clear away blotchiness by the regular daily use of Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona, specially medicated with Cadyl, floats out embedded dirt and poisons . . . tones up your complexion to delicate, camellia-perfect loveliness. Get your cake of Rexona now.



• REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth, and Borneol Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

X 44.26

This luscious assortment of centres...



"Old Gold" CHOCOLATES in $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. boxes



French Nougat

This favourite centre is made from a traditional French Nougat recipe, rich with honey and almonds and generously coated with "Old Gold" Chocolate.

Why not use this advertisement as a gentle hint to your favourite man? You might, for instance, show him this box and say:

"Look, darling—the "Old Gold" Chocolate Assortment again!"

The "OLD GOLD" Assortment brings you two layers of delectable chocolates, twelve luscious centres lavishly coated with "OLD GOLD," the smoothest, richest-tasting chocolate of them all.

All made by *MacRobertson*

The Great Name in Confectionery



4 more favourites...



'Milk, Fruit and Nut'

Just crammed with the nourishment of creamy milk chocolate plus fresh, juicy sultanas and crisp, crunchy nuts.



'Snack'

The only chocolate block with these four exciting centres—Cream Caramel, Strawberry Cream, Turkish Delight, Fruit Sundae.



'Extra Cream'

Like everyone else, the moment you taste this delicious milk chocolate, you'll say "You can taste the EXTRA CREAM." That's because there's EXTRA FULL-CREAM milk in every block of this solid milk chocolate.



'Old Gold' Block

Richer, smoother chocolate, because it is so carefully refined and matured. Highly sustaining too—energy available from each $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. block is 389 calories.

F872

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 24, 1947

I SPY ST. PAUL'S

By BETTY NESBIT

THE only time I have shown the slightest sign of savoir faire since I arrived in London a couple of months ago was the evening someone asked me where Southampton Row was.

Five minutes before, while walking through Holborn, I had noticed the name in foot-large letters on a wall. When, at the next corner, a hesitating lady, obviously from the provinces, asked me where the street was, I airily directed her to the very spot.

Of course it hasn't happened again, although people for some unaccountable reason are always asking me to direct them.

Quite frankly, I never really know where I am in London.

I've vaguely worked out a sort of system with the buses, which are conveniently marked with numbers. I have found that they always do arrive at the place I'm looking for, but not before I've driven the bus conductor into a frenzy with my constant and anxious "Are we there yet?" Even his usual cheery word "Ducks" added to the reply gets a slightly acid tone by the time I get out.

I really prefer the buses to the tubes. Apart from the fact that you can see where you're going in a bus, I get confused in the tube, and inevitably take the wrong escalator or passage, and end up out in the street a block away from where I went in.

without even getting on the train.

If I do succeed in catching the train, I always go in the wrong direction. One day I rode for some time in the inner circle, which, as its name indicates, goes in a circle.

Owing to the fact that I was listening shamelessly to the conversation between two Army types who were sitting next to me, I didn't notice that the train had passed my station.

To my surprise, some twenty minutes later I saw Baker Street (where I had got in) come up before my dazed eyes for the second time.

Naturally, anyone might say, "Well, what about your little map of the tube routes?"

And rightly so, too. I have got a little map—in fact, inside my handbag I have a tube map, one of the bus routes, my food ration card, several pamphlets on beauty spots in England, lunchtime rambles through London, a map with the sites of old taverns, another on historic spots, my clothes ration card, my national registration card, and a list of addresses.

But maps aren't really much use

to me. Not ever having been a Girl Guide, I haven't the faintest idea how to read them. I never know whether I am facing north, south, east, or west, and it's no good my trying to take my bearings by the sun because it is seldom to be seen.

Besides, I'd look so silly standing in the middle of Old Bond Street peering up into the skies and then at my map.

Of course, I rely on a good deal on landmarks. I don't know what I would do without St. Paul's, Nelson's Column, and a small restaurant, the Chicken Inn. I've never eaten at the latter, but when I see it from the top of a bus I know I'm in Piccadilly.

No doubt time will solve the problem of finding my way about the great metropolis, but I know I will

never conquer the British public telephone.

I rather like the look of the red boxes with a faintly Georgian air about them, but as soon as I get inside one everything goes black before me.

It's all the buttons. In the first place I can never make up my mind whether to put in my 2d. 4d. or 6d before or after I dial.

Then I get panic-stricken when the operator says, "Press button A, madam," and I promptly press but-

"Ah, that's better, isn't it?"

ton B and there is a faint buzzing sound and all my pennies come sliding out of a slot.

I then hear the operator saying coldly, "You pressed the wrong button, madam" (as if I didn't know), and I start all over again, but the same thing happens. When I am asked a third time do I wish to make the call again, I whisper brokenly, "No, no," creep out of the box, go home, and write a letter.

Sometimes I muck the whole business up properly and don't even get my pennies back.

All this is nothing, however, to the matter of smoke getting in your eyes.

I am now referring to the British fog, which you find in railway carriages, buses, small restaurants, and most houses.

It's all right for these English people who have learnt for generations at their mothers' knees the simple maxim, "Never open a window unless you want to throw something out of it."

They're used to it, and they love it. Doubtless I will also grow to love it, too.

Most days I sit in the railway carriage barely able to see the printed words of my book through the thick haze of smoke. I don't think I've ever been able to see the faces of the people sitting opposite me.

At first in my wild, unrestrained, and coarse colonial manner I used to get in the carriage and quickly open the window, breathing in huge gulps of what passes for fresh air in London. Then, turning to my companions, would say, "Ah, that's better, isn't it?"

On one occasion a gentleman did say from the depths of his coat, "A bit chilly, don't you think?" but he wasn't really complaining, because he was getting out at the next station.

The other people got out, too, and crowded into the next already crowded compartment. And I was left with the wind and rain in my face.

It was all very crushing, so now I sit in the fog, too. I like to have a window seat because with all the smoke and breath condensing on the glass I can draw jolly little patterns while pretending I'm just making a clear space to see out of.

But, after all, it has been winter, and I'm hoping that with the arrival of spring my fellow companions may be so infected with the gaiety and abandon of the season that they will let me open the window just a few inches.

Theatre director's impressions on U.S. tour

During his six weeks' air tour abroad in search of overseas shows and talent, Mr. Roland Walton, co-director of Whitehall Productions, paid a visit to Ringling Bros. colossal circus in New York.

MR. WALTON has returned to Sydney's Minerva Theatre, still gasping and heartily thankful for one thing—Whitehall WON'T be importing this "World's Fair" scale effort from Madison Garden.

"I just couldn't take it again," he murmured, mopping his brow.

"There were five huge rings, all flat out at the one time. If you could discipline your concentrative powers long enough to focus on one ring, you'd find even that divided into dozens of colossal spectacles.

"Look up and you'd find the roof blotted out with trapeze artists. Look midway and you'd spot, not one girl doing the Can Can at the end of a rope, but I swear at least 80 of 'em, all kicking away. Glance casually round to scratch your left shoulder and you'd find 25 elephants coming through the door, holding each other's tails.

"And I refuse to dwell any longer than necessary on the colony of performing seals, the hours-long Parade of the Fairy Tales, and the sight of three people crowded together on one bicycle as it made its perilous journey across a tight-rope."

In six weeks Mr. Walton covered London (where his company has a half-interest in the Duke of York Theatre), Berlin, New York, and Hollywood.

He reports that increasing numbers of top-line English and American film-stage favorites are keenly interested in making Australian tours.

Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh will be leaving for Australia about January, Mr. Walton said, and will probably play in all capital cities.

At the Minerva Theatre they will present four plays over an eight-weeks' period.

Plays will probably include the Olivier-Leigh success "Skin of Our Teeth," a Shakespearean drama, and a Restoration comedy.

"Laurence and Vivien would be rather amused at the comment of one Hollywood actress, herself secretly eager to come to Australia, on the couple's forthcoming visit here," said Mr. Walton.

"Sure they're going to Australia, so what! They got their orders, they've gotta go there. It's just like



MR. ROLAND WALTON, co-director of Whitehall Productions Ltd., who has returned to Sydney after six weeks abroad.

they sent the King and Queen to South Africa. It's all nothing but a goodwill tour, you can't fool me," quoth she, with sage nodding of the head.

In London Mr. Walton bought three outstanding shows for production at the Minerva—two straight dramas—"Winslow Boy" and "The Guinea Pig," both of which have been running for about 18 months—and a newcomer success, "Clutter-buck"—a frivolous comedy.

Mr. Walton hinted at two near-future Whitehall surprise packet importations for Australia—set readers a quiz.

"It is a little premature to dis-

close names at present, but we are negotiating for a famous English husband-and-wife team and an American actress who is tops on the stage and screen at the moment," he says.

Your guess is as good as ours. On Broadway, Mr. Walton found the ever-popular "Annie Get Your Gun," "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel" still drawing packed houses.

In Hollywood Mr. Walton renewed acquaintance with stars, including Rosalind Russell, whom he met on the set of her new film, "Mourning Becomes Electra."

In a "Hollywood-continues-to-amaze-me tone," Mr. Walton described how one of the sets for this film comprised an indoor acre of grass, with shrubs growing luscious and green.

"It's a special kind of grass only Hollywood could have discovered, and to keep it growing they train lamps on it."

Rosalind Russell, he says, showed keen interest in the reception of her "Sister Kerry" role in Australia, was very grateful when Mr. Walton said he would send her the Press reviews.

"Would you really be interested in them?" he added.

"What ham wouldn't be?" Rosalind laughed.

Ron Randall has caused quite a stir in Hollywood, and big things are expected of him.

Many stars are keen to come to Australia.

Boris (Frankenstein) Karloff, Mr. Walton concludes on a sombre note, will be out here within the next 12 months.

Young star wins two film roles of the year

Beats Vivien Leigh for part of Ophelia

From BILL STRUTTON in London

Eighteen-year-old British star Jean Simmons is full of excitement because she has just walked off with the two most coveted film roles of the year.

In addition to being chosen by Laurence Olivier to play Ophelia to his Hamlet, she was also given the leading role of Emmeline in the Individual Pictures production "Blue Lagoon," adapted from the novel by H. de Vere Stacpoole.

AS soon as "Hamlet" is finished, the young star will leave with the rest of the cast for the Fiji Islands, where British director Frank Launder will film the whole of "Blue Lagoon."

Vivien Leigh, wife of producer-actor Laurence Olivier, was very keen to play Ophelia, and several major British stars had cast covetous eyes on the leading role in "Blue Lagoon."

Eighteen-year-old, dark-haired, Impish Jean Simmons has been marked for a dazzling future since her recent appearance as young Estella in "Great Expectations," which won huge success.

Her personality has charmed every camera crew she has worked with, ever since the day three years ago that she came from a dancing school to be tested for the part of Margaret Lockwood's younger sister in "Give Us the Moon."

The set of "The Woman in the Hall," her current film, is one of the happiest, for everybody finds her gaiety irresistible.

Jean sat hunched up, clasping her knees, in a folding studio chair, and told me with wide-open eyes, "I really am scared about being Ophelia. I have never played in Shakespeare before."

"I only hope they like me."

When we talked about "Blue Lagoon," she gave a delighted shiver, wrinkled her nose, and said speculatively, "I suppose I will go out via Australia. That will be wonderful. Already I am taking sun-ray treatment for my skin."

Leslie Gilliat, brother to Individual Pictures producer Sidney Gilliat, has already arranged in Sydney for a boat which will provision Frank Launder's location unit on Yanawa Island, in the Fiji group.

The sudden glare of the spotlight now turned on Jean, as Britain's most envied actress, has not affected her in any way.

Director Jack Lee, who is guiding her on her current part in "The Woman in the Hall," said, "I doubt if it ever will. She is as thrilled with life as the first day she came on the set."

Jean said to me: "Did you ever meet Katina Paxinou while she was in England?"

"I had to play with her in 'Uncle Silas,' and she quite frightened me when we first met. But I learned a terrific amount about film technique from her."



EIGHTEEN is a wonderful age for Britain's enchanting young star, Jean Simmons. She has just been chosen to play Ophelia in Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet," and will be coming out here for "Blue Lagoon."

"Already he is talking about my giving up my career. I told him 'Never!' That is what we argue about."

Ever since her success in Dickens' "Great Expectations" studio demands have kept Jean Simmons too busy to have a holiday.

She has worked continuously since then, first on the majestic technicolor "Black Narcissus," then in Two Cities "Uncle Silas," with the famous Greek actress Katina Paxinou and Derrick de Marney, and now in Wessex Films' "The Woman in the Hall."

"Hamlet" and then "Blue Lagoon" will keep her occupied till well into next year.

Jean is awed by the first and exulted over the second.

"I have never been abroad before. I am so thrilled about having four months out in the Pacific, seeing a part of Australia and living in real sunshine, that I hardly care whether I am good in the part or not."

Then England's most promising young star gasped, covered her mouth, and said, with a mixture of repentance and mischief, "Oh, no—I mustn't say that, must I?"

Film Reviews

★★ SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING

PARAMOUNT have done a sound job with this delightful comedy, which gives Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray plenty of opportunity for crazy antics as a marital team of lawyers—husband and wife—whose plans for divorce are held up by the war.

Armed with divorce papers, husband Peter waits at the airport to serve them on W.A.C. officer wife, but she is coy about being rushed into signing. Thereafter follows a string of hilarious antics, with MacMurray, abetted by wolfish MacDonald Carey, who loves the wife himself, doing their best to get the papers signed.

Girl-friend Arleen Whelan, who nags MacMurray on to try for divorce, adds to the fun—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA

IN spite of the unprecedented amount spent on this film, and the richness of setting and color, which rivals "Henry V," there is a curious emptiness in the story of "Caesar and Cleopatra" that all the wit of Bernard Shaw and all the wits

of Gabriel Pascal have not been able to fill.

Julius Caesar (Claude Rains) communing in the solitude of the desert night finds Cleopatra (Vivien Leigh), a frightened child hiding from Roman invaders. He promises to make her Queen of Egypt, and film ends when he sails back to Rome, leaving her a mature and dangerously felline queen.

Rains, Leigh, Stewart Granger, as a young Sicilian, and Cecil Parker, as Britannus, give fine performances, but the film lacks that epic sweep that would have made it great.—Regent; showing.

★★ MAGNIFICENT LADY

IN making a film of the life of one of America's most colorful figures of the nineteenth century, Dolly Madison, Universal have gone to pains to discard interesting historical facts for far less interesting fiction.

Main credit for the success of the film goes to Ginger Rogers, who is never out of tune with the character of Dolly Madison. David Niven, as the scoundrelly Aaron Burr, is less happy.

In spite of its inaccuracies, the

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

film has an excellent supporting cast and should maintain interest. It is a pity, however, that so much blatant flag-waving was introduced.—Lyceum; showing.

★ FEAR IN THE NIGHT

THIS is a film that will make lovers of the misanthropic squirm in their seats with delight. Directed for Paramount by Maxwell Shane, it begins with a young man awakening from a horrible dream in which he has stabbed a man and dragged the body to a closet in a mirrored, octagonal dressing-room.

In the saner light of morning he tends to dismiss the whole matter until he finds in his pockets a strange button from a man's suit and a closet key which had figured in the dream. Technique of loss of consciousness is used effectively, and ending is unusual. Newcomer DeForest Kelley is fine in the lead, assisted by Paul Kelly and a hard-working cast.—Capitol; showing.

MGM tour planned



MEETING in Hollywood between MGM's director of publicity, Mr. Hal Carleton, and stars Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnson followed shortly after their engagement. Here Kathryn shows Mr. Carleton her diamond engagement ring.

HOLLYWOOD producer

Carey Wilson, who visited Australia 20 years ago, is hoping to bring Lana Turner on a tour of Australia and New Zealand for the premiere of MGM's "Green Dolphin Street," based on the novel by New Zealander Elizabeth Goudge.

This was disclosed by Mr. Hal Carleton, director of publicity for

MGM, who has recently returned from a trip to Hollywood and New York.

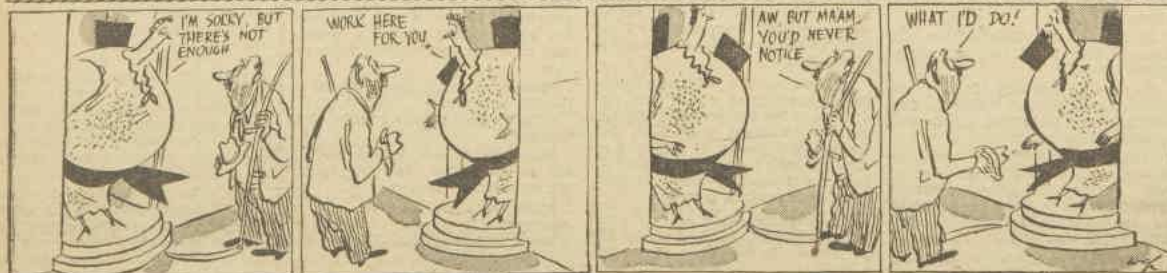
Miniatures of New Zealand scenery used in "Green Dolphin Street" and costumes worn in the film are also being brought to Australia from Hollywood for the opening of the film.

Mr. Carleton met a number of stars while he was in Hollywood, and was particularly impressed by newcomers Cyd Charisse, ballet dancer, who will soon be seen in "The Unfinished Dance," and 19-year-old Janet Leigh, who was discovered by Norma Shearer.

"Both these girls are really beautiful and show much promise," he said. "Janet Leigh is a typical outdoor girl, appearing in 'The Romance of Rosy Ridge.'"

"She has golden-brown hair, sun-tanned skin, and looks as though she could have stepped off one of Sydney's beaches."

Among Hollywood stars he met during his three weeks there were Myrna Loy, Robert Walker, Red Skelton, Keenan Wynn, and Kathryn Grayson.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . Ru Wep.



SONIA HOLM, 23, promising star at the Rank Charm School, will next be seen in Gainsborough's "When the Bough Breaks."



JOAN DOWLING, 17, received five-year contract from Associated British Films after her fine role in "Hue and Cry."



JEAN SIMMONS, 17, under contract to Rank, has first adult role as Kauchi in Powell-Pressburger film "Black Narcissus."

YOUNG STARS

WENDY GIBB, 21, of Sydney, has first film role as the star, Cathie, in Charles Chauvel's "Sons of Matthew." She is well-known stage and radio actress and will leave for England when film is completed.



HAZEL COURT, 19, who features in Two Cities' "Carnival," will shortly be seen with William Eythe in "We Meet At Dawn."



CAROL MARSH, 17, was discovered by Boulting Brothers to play in "Brighton Rock" opposite star Richard Attenborough.



JEAN KENT, 25, had first starring role in "Caravan." She is now working on "Good Time Girl" for Gainsborough Studios.



KATHLEEN RYAN, 23, discovered by director Carol Reed, will next be seen in "Captain Boycott," with Stewart Granger.



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1 STAID Boston citizen George Apley (Ronald Colman) is disturbed when wife Catherine (Edna Best) breaks news to him that daughter Eleanor (Cummins) is out with young man.



2 MATRIMONIAL SCHEMES are hatched by Apley when niece Agnes (Vanessa Brown) arrives and meets his son John (Richard Ney). John finds cousin dull, and has other plans.

The Late George Apley

AFTER an 80 weeks' success on Broadway, "The Late George Apley," a biting satire on Boston manners, comes to the screen, with handsome Ronald Colman returning after a two years' absence to play the title role.

Play was adapted for 20th Century-Fox by Philip Dunne, and has lost none of its sting. Colman is superb as the staid, family-conscious Bostonian, whose continual opposition against anything "a bit radical" is finally overcome by his children.

Irish-born 20-year-old Peggy Cummins, the original selection for "Forever Amber," has her first U.S. screen role in this film, and plays Apley's daughter Eleanor, who is the only unconventional member of the family.

Supporting cast—Charles Russell, Vanessa Brown, Richard Ney, Edna Best, and Richard Haydn—give excellent performances.



3 UNCONVENTIONAL MANNERS of Eleanor's young man Howard (Charles Russell) disturb Apley. Later, when Eleanor admits having kissed Howard, the outraged Apley decides to put an end to daughter's unsuitable romance.



4 ATTEMPTS BY APLEY to spy on romance with another girl infuriate John. At Agnes' coming-out party, he tactlessly tells her he loves someone else.



5 HEARTBROKEN, Agnes allows Apley to go ahead with plans for marriage to John. On visit to New York she insists on buying chic gowns so John will not think bride dowdy.

6 DRUNKEN HOWARD, who has lost Boston job through Apley, meets Agnes and future father-in-law in New York. Furious, he tells Apley what a stuffed shirt he is.



7 REGRETTING HIS ACTIONS, Apley arranges meeting between Eleanor and Howard, gives his consent, and hands them steamship tickets for honeymoon abroad.

8 RADIANT in new wedding dress, Agnes finds John is now interested in his bride. As she walks up aisle past relatives, she gives startled Apley triumphant, unmistakable wink.



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YOU HAVE TO TELL A "white lie"

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before bed.."



ALWAYS tired, and feeling nervy and generally run-down, a common enough complaint these days and it often arises through lack of sleep. A deep sound sleep is vitally necessary. It helps restore the body after a tiring day, it allows tense nerves to relax and invigorates the whole mind and body.

But sleep is often elusive... a really soft bed, light blankets and a hot shower before turning in, all help... but there is one sleep secret that tops the list... a going-to-bed cup of delicious Bourn-vita.

Sleep is a curious thing, it must give mental relaxation as well as a physical pause. Modern medical science tells us that a normal person during the first hour of sleep, actually uses more energy than during an ordinary waking hour. That's why your going-to-bed Bourn-vita is so 'helpful. It provides the system with a ready source of energy, being the blended combination of such natural foods as barley malt, eggs, milk and delicious chocolate. Another important thing... Bourn-vita is rich in diastase...

that natural malt digestive of starchy foods - it helps your digestion, so that you go to sleep easily and quickly.

An increasing number of Doctors and Nurses, basing their recommendations on Bourn-vita's declared contents and experience of their patients, are advising its use in cases where mineral and vitamin deficiency may exist and where a soothing night-cap with high protective and digestive qualities may prove valuable. Get into the habit of dropping into a deep refreshing sleep quickly and easily - get into the habit of regularly drinking Bourn-vita before bed.

A cup of Bourn-vita refreshes you anytime.

When you're feeling jaded through the day, when even simple tasks seem to get on your nerves, drink a cup of Bourn-vita. It acts like a tonic and puts back the energy you've used. It's so easy to make too - just stir two teaspoonfuls of crisp granules into a cup of warm milk and your delicious Bourn-vita is ready.

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Twin charmers for winter sparkle

KIT this smart glove and turban set to wear this winter. While the snug-fitting gloves are keeping your hands cosy, the fascinating turban will be keeping unruly curls in place.

Materials: Patons Beehive fingering 4-ply "Patonised" shrink-resist finish (this is the only wool which should be used). Turban, 3oz. Gloves 2oz.; 1 pair each No. 8 and No. 12 knitting needles; a medium-size crochet hook.

Measurements: Turban length, 41in. Gloves, size 61 to 71.

Tension: 6 sts. to the inch on No. 8 needles; 8 sts. to the inch on No. 12 needles.

TURBAN

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 61 sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1. Rep. this row twice. Keeping the continuity of the pat., inc. once at the beg. of the needle and k 2 tog. at the end of the needle in the next and every alt. row until work measures 41in. from commencement. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. The round head as illustrated.

RIGHT-HAND GLOVE

The Palm: Using No. 12 needles, cast on 26 sts.

1st Row: Knit plain.
2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1. Rep. the 1st and 2nd rows 14 times.

Proceed as follows:
1st Row: K 1, inc. once in the next st., knit plain to the end of the row.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to the last st., k 1.

3rd Row: Knit plain.
4th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Repeat these 4 rows until there are 36 sts. on the needle, ending with the 2nd row.

In the next row, k 10, leave the remaining sts. on a spare needle, turn. In the following row cast on 2 sts., k 1, p 10, k 1, cont. working on these 12 sts. as follows:
1st Row: Inc. once in the first st., k 9, k 2 tog.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to the last st., k 1.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows for 11in. Cont. working in plain, smooth fabric, decreasing once at each end of the needle in every row until 4 sts. rem. Cast off.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 26 sts.

1st Row: Knit plain.
2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1, rep. 1st and 2nd rows 14 times. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 6, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 6, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 6, inc. once in the next st., k 1.
2nd Row: K 1, p 9, k 1, p 8, k 1, p 6, k 1.

3rd Row: K 6, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 6, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 9.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row. Rep. these 4 rows until there are 36 sts. on the needle, ending with the 3rd row. To make back of thumb, proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 1, p 9, leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

2nd Row: Cast on 2 sts., k 12.

3rd Row: K 1, p 10, k 1.

4th Row: K 2 tog., k 9, inc. once in the last st.

5th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1. Rep. 4th and 5th rows for 11in. Dec. once at each end of the needle in every row until 4 sts. rem. Cast off. Join in wool to sts. on spare needle.

1st Row: Cast on 2 sts., p 9, k 1, p 8, k 1, p 6, k 1.
2nd Row: K 6, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 6, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 10, cast on 2 sts., knit across sts. from spare needle. (36 sts.)

Proceed as follows:-

1st Row: K 1, p 38, k 1, p 8, k 1, p 6, k 1.

2nd Row: K 6, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 6, p 1, k 1, p 1, knit to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 5 times.

13th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1, 14th Row: Knit plain.

Rep. 13th and 14th rows once, then 13th row once.

The First Finger.—1st Row: K 21, place these sts. on a spare needle, cast on 3 sts., k 14, cast on 3 sts.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: Knit plain.



THIS EASY-TO-KNIT SET was made in a rich maroon and worn with a chartreuse coat, but choose your own color scheme. Here, glove gauntlets are turned back in the smart, new way to cuff wrists.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows for 21in.
**** 1st Row:** (K 2 tog.) 10 times.
2nd Row: K 1, p 8, k 1.
3rd Row: K 1, (k 2 tog.) 4 times, k 1.

Break off the wool, run the end through the rem. sts., draw up and fasten off securely.

The Second Finger.—1st Row: Slip the next 7 sts. off right-hand needle on to a needle, join in wool, cast on 1 st., k 8, cast on 4 sts., k 7 from spare needle, cast on 1 st.

Cont. in plain, smooth fabric for 3in. Work as given from ** to ** for the first finger.

The Third Finger.—1st Row: Slip the next 7 sts. off right-hand needle on to a needle, join in wool, cast on 1 st., k 8. Cast on 2 sts., knit up 7 sts. from spare needle. Cast on 1 st.

Cont. in plain, smooth fabric for 21in. Proceed as follows:-

1st Row: K 1, (k 2 tog.) eight times, k 1.
2nd Row: K 1, p 8, k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, (k 2 tog.) four times, k 1.

Pasten off as given for the first finger.

The Fourth Finger.—1st Row: Slip the next 7 sts. from right-hand needle on to a needle, join in wool. K 7, cast on 2 sts., knit up 7 sts. from spare needle. Work in plain, smooth fabric for 21in.

Proceed as follows:-
1st Row: (K 2 tog.) 8 times.
2nd Row: K 1, p 6, k 1.
3rd Row: (K 2 tog.) 4 times.

Pasten off as given for the first finger.

LEFT-HAND GLOVE

Work to correspond with the right-hand glove, working the shapings at opposite end of needle.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew up the side and finger seams, leaving an opening of 3in. on fourth-finger side. Work 1 row of d.c. round cuff and opening.

SHINGLES: Cause and Treatment

● It is not generally known that it is quite possible for an infection from a shingles patient to start an epidemic of chicken pox.

By MEDICO

"I HOPE mother's skin trouble isn't serious, doctor," said Mrs. Pitt, anxiously.

"Your mother has shingles," I told her. "Herpes zoster is the medical name. It's the result of an infection of the root of a nerve by a virus which runs along the nerve, causing neuralgia and inflaming the skin, which erupts in those blisters she has."

"The eruption starts in the mid-line at the back, and creeps round one side of the trunk to the mid-line in front. It is painful, and in an elderly person can interfere with sleep. I have given your mother a prescription for some tablets to help her sleep and to relieve the pain."

"How long will the eruption last?" asked Mrs. Pitt.

"The outbreak will last from 10 days to three weeks and will be little influenced by treatment. The worst pain, in cases such as this, is the neuralgia which follows the eruption."

"The blisters become crusted and

the area infected becomes very itchy so that the desire to scratch or rub them is almost overpowering."

"This desire should be resisted if it is humanly possible, as further infection may result."

"I have prescribed a starch and zinc oxide dusting powder to dry up the blisters."

"By the way," I added, as I was leaving, "keep the children away; their grandmother should be isolated. They mustn't go near her."

"Why is that, doctor?"
"It isn't generally realised, but it is quite possible for an infection from a shingles patient to start an epidemic of chicken pox. The virus which causes chicken pox is almost identical with that which causes shingles."

"Oh, I didn't know that," she said in a troubled voice. "I'll send them to my sister's for a week or so—if she'll have them!"

"That would be a good plan. The shingles will be non-infectious by then. You'll be quite busy enough looking after your mother, anyway."

[All names used in this article are fictitious.]



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COLOR... can dramatise your looks

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

AN endlessly fascinating subject is color, and not the least of its interest lies in its differing emotional effects.

We all know by now that, cleverly used, color can dramatise the plainest woman.

We admit, too, our own highly individualised and definite reaction to color tones; but have you ever wondered how the colors you wear react on others?

For a career appointment, when you want to appear intellectual, imaginative, self-reliant, do you know the costume color that will best contribute to this impression? A tone of yellow is the answer, such as corn silk or yellow-beige.

If you'd give the impression of being conservative, cautious, a good executive, then muted grey-blue is the color to choose.

Dressing for a gala evening function, with crowds of people, brilliant lighting, steep competition, when you want to feel confident, the cynosure of eyes, all conquering, you'd don red-orange to flame color, in strong intensity, because it is the most powerful hue in the spectrum. Jewels would be aquamarine, the blue-green complement of red-orange, or of pale gold.

Such are the maxims of distinguished color authority Julian Elsworth Garnsey, Princeton University, who gives these additional significances of color, to which he avers your own sensitivity will no doubt add others:

Red: Courage, generosity, vigor.
Maroon: Charm without passion, controlled strength.

Orange: Action, love for life, friendliness.

Yellow: Intellectual power, imagination, self-reliance.

Green: Tolerance, liberality, calculated courage.

Blue-green: Discrimination, maturity, capability.

Violet or purple: Indolence, self-satisfaction, amicability.

Brown: Obedience, conservatism, deliberation.

Grey: Calm, restraint, regulation.

White: Naivete, innocence, trust.

Black: Mystery, conceit, sophistication.

In selecting costume colors for a particular occasion, Mr. Garnsey suggests that a woman must make up her mind whether she wants to flatter her own charms or do a psychological job on someone else. Occasionally, both results may be achieved by the same color—that simplifies everything.



WHAT NEXT? A California designer has introduced the use of plastic plant-boxes into the back of this modern lounge. They can be lifted out for a sunning or for a change over in planting—succulents or flowering beauty. And note the sumptuously curved ends of lounge.

Important basic trick is to establish complexion and hair coloring at its proper place on the hue circle, and to proceed from there to take into account the occasion and the impression you wish to make.

A few theories are exploded in passing; such as the one that the girl with the flawless pink-and-white complexion can wear anything and everything. Black, grey, and white will be reasonably co-operative and unsullied by her skin color, but cerise, shocking-pink, or any orange shade will force her skin toward green.

She may, however, wear soft greens and blues of weak intensity with never a quail.

The completely neutral girl with grey-brown hair and no particular

complexion is the hardest problem of all, and the most frequent. She is usually forced into a scheme of seal-browns, burnt-oranges, pale yellows, all much greyed, and any attempt to force her hair and complexion into a better color often is unsuccessful, according to this authority.

For the red-headed woman there are spectacular and enchanting vistas of color possibilities, guaranteed to raise her natural dazzle voltage of 100 per cent.

Remember those perennial greens most sorrel-tops seemed to feel duty-bound to wear? Well, the bottle and sea greens are still there, but relieved now with mauves, turquoise, amethyst, and aquamarine. And pale-pink, pinky-beige, and Quaker-grey.

VALUE OF VITAMIN B IN DIET

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

RECENT research has proved that there is a special need for Vitamin B in the diet of expectant mothers, for establishing and maintaining a good milk supply.

Again, a chronic low intake of Vitamin B (and our present-day too-refined foods make this possible) can affect the nervous system and produce irritability, moodiness, and sometimes mental depression.

If, on the other hand, it is abundantly present in the diet, it will prevent constipation and also the

neuritis which is sometimes a complication of pregnancy.

Whole grain cereals, especially wheat germ, bran, barley, yeast, marmite or vegemite, nuts, milk, cheese, egg-yolk, fish, liver, kidney, lean meat, dried peas and beans are all rich in Vitamin B.

You can obtain a leaflet describing the importance of a good vitamin content in your diet from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

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By our Food and Cookery Experts

THE high Vitamin C content of lemons and their mineral content, together with a piquant, refreshing flavor, make them an invaluable item in the diet.

The delicious, slightly tart flavor of lemon is acceptable to almost every palate and is stimulating to the appetite.

Lemon juice, or grated rind, has the happy knack of bringing out the full flavor of all other ingredients in a dish without dominating them.

As a garnish lemon is indispensable. There are a dozen ways of cutting and shaping them to give an artistic finishing touch to the simplest dish.

Here are just a couple: Slice unpeeled lemon thinly. Cut each slice across centre without cutting completely in halves. Carefully remove pulp from one half and curl remaining rind into a scroll.

Slice unpeeled lemon thinly. Cut each slice half way across. Twist right-hand section under and back so that slice stands upright on two cut portions.

These tested recipes featuring lemons will help you make the most of this delicious and always available fruit.

PEACH AND LEMON MIST TART
(See color photograph this page.)

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, grated rind of 2 lemons, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 level dessertspoon butter, 2 eggs, sliced peaches, small quantity whipped cream, chopped nuts.

Roll pastry to fit 8 in. tart plate.



Tang OF LEMON

Prick base of tart well with fork, decorate edges and glaze with milk or water. Bake in a hot oven, 450 deg. F., 15 to 20 minutes. Place sugar, water, lemon rind and juice into a saucepan. When nearly boiling stir in flour and cornflour blended to a smooth paste with extra water. Continue stirring until mixture has simmered 4 or 5 minutes to cook flour and cornflour. Cool slightly, fold in butter and beaten egg-yolks. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into cooked pastry case. When cold decorate with sliced peaches, whipped cream, and chopped nuts.

FISH IN LEMON ASPIC

(See color photograph this page.)

One and a half cups cooked flaked fish, 2 level dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1½ cups stock or water, strip of thinly peeled lemon rind, 2 cloves, 3 dessertspoons lemon juice, 1 slice of onion, 1 teaspoon celery salt, sprig of parsley, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 cup cooked green peas, tomato slices, lemon curls, parsley to garnish.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Place stock or water in saucepan with lemon rind, cloves, lemon juice, onion, salt, sprig of parsley. Beat gently with egg-whisk until boiling. Remove from heat, add soaked

gelatine, stir until dissolved. Cool slightly. Strain through a jelly bag or several thicknesses of clean muslin, over a strainer.

Rinse mould with cold water, set a thin layer of the cooled aspic jelly on bottom and sides of mould. Arrange slices of hard-boiled egg and green peas on sides of mould—do one portion at a time, coat with jelly, allow to set before continuing. Fold flaked fish and balance of peas into remaining jelly. Fill into mould, chill until firm. Unmould, garnish with sliced tomato, lemon curls, and parsley.

LEMON SPICE SAUCE

(Good with steamed or baked sponge puddings.)

Half cup sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, 1 level dessertspoon butter, good pinch nutmeg, 1 egg-yolk (may be omitted).

Place sugar, salt, and fruit juices into saucepan. Bring to boil. Stir in arrowroot, blended with a little extra water. Continue stirring while mixture simmers 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat, fold in butter, nutmeg, and beaten egg-yolk. Serve hot with steamed or baked sponge puddings.

LEMON CRUMB PUDDING

(An easy, economical dinner sweet.)

Two cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1½ cups soft white bread-crumbs, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Warm the milk, add sugar, stir until dissolved. Pour on to crumbs, add lemon rind. Fold in melted butter mixed with beaten egg-yolks and lemon juice. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenware dish, bake in moderate oven, 325deg. F., 30 to 35 minutes. Serve cold with cream or custard.

LEMON BUTTER SAUCE

(Just right with steamed or poached fish.)

Half cup fish stock, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg-yolk, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

LEMON RIND and lemon juice lend their delicious flavor to the colorful dishes pictured here—peach and lemon mist tart and flaked fish in lemon aspic jelly.

Blend arrowroot with fish stock and lemon juice, add salt. Bring to boil, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Add melted butter, beaten egg-yolk, cayenne and chopped parsley. Serve hot.

CANDIED LEMON PEEL

(For use in cakes and cookies—or to nibble as a sweet.)

Lemon peel, salt, water, sugar. Cut peel into halves, quarters, or thin strips 1 in. long. Cover with salted water (1 teaspoon salt to 1 pint water), stand overnight. Drain and rinse in cold water. Cover with fresh clear water and simmer until tender, changing water 2 or 3 times to remove bitter flavor. When quite soft, drain and place in a boiling syrup—sufficient to barely cover the quantity of peel. For the syrup allow 2 cups sugar to 1 cup water. Cook

gently until peel is clear. Drain from syrup, roll in sugar, spread to dry. When thoroughly dry store in screw-top jars.

NOTE: Same method may be used for orange or grapefruit peel.

LEMON CHERRY WHIP

(Delicious dinner sweet in any weather.)

Two level dessertspoons and 1 level teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup lemon juice, small piece thinly peeled lemon rind, 1 cup sugar, yellow coloring, 1 cup (or less) chopped drained cherries.

Soak gelatine in hot water. Place cold water, lemon rind, juice and sugar in saucepan. Bring slowly to the boil. Cool. Remove lemon rind, add small quantity yellow coloring and dissolved gelatine. Mix well. When partly set, whip with rotary beater until thick and foamy. Fold in chopped cherries, pile into serving dish, chill before serving.

LEMON JAM

(Refreshing and not oversweet.) Two pounds early season lemons (16 or 12 medium size), 3 quarts hot water, 6 lb. sugar.

Slice lemons thinly, cover with hot water, soak 48 hours. Take out 1 pint of the liquid, replace with 1½ pints fresh cold water. Place fruit and liquid in large pan, bring slowly to boil, cook steadily 1 hour. Add warmed sugar, bring gradually back to boiling point. Cook quickly until it "jells" when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle into clean, dry, hot jars, seal and label when cold.

FACTS ABOUT LEMONS

- To keep lemons fresh: Wrap in tissue or oiled paper, store in a cool, dry place.
- When wanting just a few drops of lemon juice for flavoring, don't cut a whole lemon—pierce the lemon with a fork, squeeze gently. The lemon will keep for future use.
- When fat is used in place of butter for biscuits or cakes, cream a few drops of lemon juice and a little grated rind in with the fat. It improves flavor considerably.
- When grating rind from a lemon be careful not to grate too deeply—the white pith is bitter. It is the yellow skin which imparts the good flavor.
- Lemon juice, or a thin piece of rind, added to the water when boiling fish or rice improves both color and flavor.
- A hint of grated lemon rind is good in the white sauce for cauliflower or carrots; in the batter for fish or in fish cakes; in batter for fruit fritters; in potato salad.

Try this delicious
Bournville recipe



Chocolate Macaroon Pudding

1 lb. small macaroon biscuits (use as required)
4 dessertspoonfuls Bournville Cocoa
About 7 or 8 dessertspoonfuls sugar
3 eggs 1½ pints milk
4 dessertspoonfuls desiccated coconut
Vanilla flavouring

METHOD—Mix the cocoa to a smooth paste with a small quantity of the milk. Boil the remainder and stir on to it, return to the pan and boil for one minute, then cool slightly. Whisk up the eggs, put them in a pedestal, and stir in the hot milk and cocoa. Add the sugar and coconut and a few drops of vanilla and mix all together. Place the small macaroon biscuits all over the top, cover the pudding with a plate, and bake in a moderately warm oven for about 30 to 45 minutes, or until set, being careful not to let it boil. Serve cold.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—May 24, 1947



A SMALL quantity of fish can be made to go a long way—extended with peas and sauce and topped with snowed mashed potato, it makes a good winter luncheon dish. See prize recipe.

Prize recipes from readers . . .

GRAND WINTER DISHES

FISH served in any guise is always a family favorite—as a casserole it is good, tasty fare for winter evenings.

Any cold meat, rabbit, or vegetables left over from a previous meal may be used in place of fish. If using rabbit, add a little chopped ham or bacon for extra flavor.

Vary those little gem cakes by the addition of sweetened apple pulp. Brushed with apple jelly and rolled in coconut, they will appeal to the younger members of the family.

Have you entered your family favorite in our popular contest? Do!

FISH CASSEROLE

Two cups cooked flaked (or 1 tin) fish, 2 cups white sauce, 1 cup cooked peas, good squeeze of lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, pepper, salt, mashed potato.

Remove skin and bones from fish. Add to the sauce with salt, pepper, lemon juice, parsley, and nearly all peas. Turn into greased ovenware dish. Top with breadcrumbs and cheese mixed together. Pipe or spoon mashed potato round edge. Place in moderate oven to lightly brown potato. Garnish inside edge of potato with ring of peas. Serve piping hot.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Todd, Box 49, Collins St. P.O., Melbourne.

FISH AND TOMATO CASSEROLE

Three or 4 tomatoes, salt and pepper, 1 lb. cooked flaked fish, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup grated cheese, pinch cayenne pepper, 4 rashers of bacon, 3 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs.

Cut tomatoes into thick slices, arrange on bottom of greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix fish and half the lemon juice together and pile on to tomato slices. Melt shortening, add flour, salt, and cayenne pepper. Cook 1 minute. Add milk and stir till boiling. Fold in cheese and balance of lemon juice and pour over fish and tomato. Top with breadcrumbs and strips of bacon. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until thoroughly reheated and bacon is cooked about 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Petters, 3 The Delta, 76 Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.

APPLE-BLOSSOM PUFFS

Quarter cup margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup sweetened apple pulp drained free from syrup, 1 tablespoon apple jelly.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg, beating well. Sift flour and salt and add alternately with milk. Place a teaspoon of mixture into well-greased heated gem-irons; add small quantity of apple pulp and cover with more cake mixture. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. If liked, puffs when cooked may be brushed with melted apple jelly and tossed in desiccated coconut or crushed cornflakes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Muihall, Box 23, Port Augusta, S.A.

CHOKO AND LEMON SPONGE

Three chokoes, juice of 2 lemons, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, vanilla.

Peel chokoes, remove seeds. Cut into dice, place in pan with sugar, lemon juice, rind, and water. Simmer until tender, 12 to 15 minutes. Mash to a pulp, fold in spice and sultanas. Turn into ovenware dish. Cream shortening, vanilla, and sugar. Add unbeaten egg, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Pour over choko mixture and bake in hot oven (375deg. F.) 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Munro, Anzac St., West Maitland, N.S.W.

SAVORY TRIPE ROLLS

One and half pounds tripe, 1 onion, salt, 4 cooked carrots, seasoned flour, egg-glazing and breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Wash tripe well, place in cold water, bring to boil, and drain. Add fresh cold water to cover, sliced onion, and salt. Simmer gently till tender (1½-2 hours). Drain, and cut into 3in. squares. Cut cooked carrots into wedges about 2in. long. Roll each piece in square of tripe. Fasten with cocktail stick. Roll in seasoned flour and dip into egg-glazing; then toss in a mixture of cheese and breadcrumbs. Deep fry in fuming fat till golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Knight, 8 Phillip Court, 1 Latimer Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

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